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## ST. JEROME: HIS LIFE AND LABOURS FOR THE CHURCH OF GOD

AT the close of last year, 1920, a commemoration of the Fifteenth Centenary of the death of St. Jerome was held in Rome. There were solemn functions and special sermons and conferences in honour of the Saint, and the Pope inaugurated the festival by addressing a Pontifical letter to the bishops of the world in which he set forth all that the Church owed to this great doctor for his labours on the Holy Scriptures. He urged them to instruct their flocks in regard to the life and labours of St. Jerome, and especially to let them understand the nature of the work the Saint had accomplished for the preservation of the purity of God's word. In accordance with the Holy Father's suggestion His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton has organized a festival in St. Jerome's honour at Cambridge, which will be devoted to the consideration of Biblical questions. As a preparation for this English commemoration the following account of the Life of the Saint may be of interest.

Jerome was born about A.D. 342—the actual date is not quite certain—at Stridon, a city on the confines of Dalmatia and Pannonia. In those days, the place and its neighbourhood appears to have been only half-civilized. His family, however, seems to have been Christian, since in one of his letters (Ep. 82) the Saint speaks of his mother's

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care to teach him the religion of Christ. He was named Eusebius, Hieronymus or Jerome being what we should call his family name. We know that he had a sister, and a brother called Paulianus, whom later he took with him to Palestine. At the age of eighteen, after having studied letters in his native town, under the best teachers there procurable—and they must have been excellent masters to judge by the result in their pupil—he betook himself to Rome with a friend of his childhood, called Bonosus. This would have been about A.D. 360.

The times then were indeed evil and fraught with great difficulties and dangers for the Church. The final struggle of Paganism with Christianity was being waged when Jerome and his companion set foot in Rome. "When I frequented the schools of grammar," he writes (*Comm. in Habacuc*), "the whole city was reeking with the blood of idolatrous sacrifices, and the death of Julian (the Apostate) was announced at the very height of the persecution." The schools of Rome, and indeed of the Empire, were at the time in the hands of teachers hostile to the Christian religion, who were frankly pagan in their sentiments, their instructions and their influence, since by a decree of the Apostate Emperor no professed Christian was allowed to occupy the chairs of higher education in Rome.

Jerome, from the first, was an enthusiastic student of the classics, and a diligent disciple of the great grammarian Donatus. In the Saint's Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiasticus (I, 9), he records of his master that, in expounding a line of Terence,

*Nullum est jam dictum, quod non dictum est prius*

he made use of the words : *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. Very possibly also he sat under the celebrated rhetorician Victorinus, whose humble and courageous conversion to Christianity is recorded in the immortal pages of St. Augustine's *Confessions*.

In his passion for learning, Jerome, as he records in one of his letters (Ep. 22), at this time studied Aristotle and

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Plato, and with great industry collected a library, transcribing many books with his own hand. His thirst for learning and his industry were with him a consuming passion. In this way he was unknowingly preparing himself for his great work upon the Holy Scriptures, which Providence intended him to undertake. All this time, it must be remembered, Jerome was not even a catechumen. According to the strange custom of those days, baptism frequently was not administered till after the difficulties incident on youth were past, and the character was known to be firmly established on Christian principles. It was so with Gregory Nazianzen, with the brother of St. Ambrose, and with St. Augustine. More fortunate than Augustine, whatever moral battles and perhaps defeats Jerome had to lament, he apparently never fell into error against Christian doctrine, and during the perilous years of his student life in Rome, as he tells us, he frequently visited the tombs of the Saints, and descended into the Catacombs to the graves of the Christian martyrs. This is what he says, when an old man, in his Commentary upon Ezechiel: "When as a young man I was studying letters in Rome, on the Sundays, with some companions of my own age and tastes, I was wont to visit the tombs of the Apostles and Martyrs. Frequently I penetrated into those subterranean galleries, the walls of which contained the remains of the dead, where the obscurity was so great that one could almost believe it was the explanation of the words of the Prophet: We go down alive into hell."

From Rome, still with his companion Bonosus, Jerome betook himself to Treves, and during his brief stay in that city he determined to give himself and his life to God. On his return, therefore, to Rome he was baptized by Pope Liberius, some time before September 24th, A.D. 366, on which date that Pontiff died. Leaving the Eternal City shortly after his baptism, our Saint betook himself to Aquileia, the capital of his native province, in which at that time religious studies were flourishing and where doubtlessly he threw himself with his wonted ardour into

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the scientific examination of the fundamental principles of the Faith. Here, too, he met many friends, and amongst others two, Heliodorus and Rufinus, who subsequently became closely connected with him. The first we know well through the celebrated letter in which Jerome tries to persuade his friend to follow him into the desert; the second, Rufinus, was at first the devoted friend, and later the bitter enemy, of our Saint.

It may be of interest to note that at Concordia, a city not far from Aquilea, Jerome met an old man, who, as a youth at Rome, had known a former secretary of St. Cyprian. The freshness of the memory of this old man is recorded in one of our Saint's letters (Ep. 10). From this witness he learned that St. Cyprian ever professed the greatest admiration for Tertullian, was wont to call him his "master," and to read his works daily.

Throughout his life, St. Jerome seemed determined to make enemies as well as friends. This is hardly perhaps surprising in view of his vigorous and fearless writing, and his sharp and caustic tongue. So now, in his native place, because of some indiscretion of language, he was obliged to quit Aquilea, and leave behind him his home, family and friends, on account of what almost amounted to a personal persecution. That he felt the separation keenly is evident, for with all the apparent hardness of his character, and the outward ruggedness of his life, Jerome undoubtedly ever possessed a most tender heart. "I have neither a heart of stone," he writes to Heliodorus (Ep. 14), "nor bowels of iron. I have not been made out of the rocks, nor have I been nourished on the milk of tigers." On his departure from Aquilea, Jerome took with him the library he had collected in Rome, and after long wanderings, during which he spent a short time at Antioch, he finally found a place of rest in the desert of Calcis, in Syria.

Our Saint had sought out this solitude, with the set purpose of adopting a life of penance and self-inflicted suffering. Jerome, indeed, never did anything by halves: whatever else he was, he was thorough in all he did. He

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had studied letters with enthusiasm and, indeed, with a perfect passion ; his love for the classics was no less whole-hearted. He took such a pleasure in rhetoric that it became, as it were, part of himself, and it may even be said with truth, that he declaimed all his life. His object, therefore, in coming into the desert was to tame and master his too vivid imagination, and to sober his deep love of the purely pagan masterpieces of literature, which had taken complete possession of his mind and thoughts in a way which he had come to see was dangerous to one who had given himself entirely to God. He describes this time and this struggle with himself in an eloquent and moving passage of one of his letters (Ep. 20) : "How often," he writes, "when buried in this vast solitude and scorched by the sun, in imagination I was once more living among the pleasures of Rome ! I sat alone, and my soul was filled with bitterness, my limbs were covered only by coarse sackcloth, and my tanned skin made me look like an Ethiopian. Each day I shed tears, and uttered sighs ; and if, in spite of my firm resistance, sleep overcame me, I let my exhausted body, with its bones hardly joined one to the other, sink on to the bare ground. I say nothing of my food and drink ; in this desert even monks who are sick hardly dare to drink fresh water, and it is considered an act of intemperance to eat cooked food at all. Alas ! I, who for fear of hell fire, had condemned myself to this prison, the proper dwelling place of wild beasts and scorpions, found myself transported in imagination to the dances in use among the youths of Rome ! My face was pallid with long fasting and my body was frozen, whilst my soul was on fire with cupidity ; and in a body already half-dead, the flame of passion continued to blaze within me. Then, deprived of all other help, I threw myself down at the feet of Jesus, I washed them with my tears, and dried them with my hair ; and in this way I sought to tame my rebellious flesh with weeks of abstinence. . . . God be my witness, after having shed copious tears, after long fixing my eyes on heaven, I thought myself transported to the realms above, and saw

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myself among the choirs of the Angels. Then with joyful confidence I sang (with them) the praises to the Lord."

At this time, that is in the year 374, as he tells us, our Saint, in pursuance of his self-discipline, laid aside his well loved classical authors, his Quintilian, his Cicero, his Horace, and his Pliny ; and under the tutelage of a monk of the desert, who was a converted Jew, he began to learn the Hebrew alphabet. Often despairing of making progress, often disheartened at his slow pace in mastering this Oriental language, he would in disgust give up the task for a time, only to take it up again with renewed vigour. His purpose was fixed ; at all costs he was determined to master that language, which subsequently became of supreme importance to him and to the Church, in his Biblical studies (Ep. 25).

It was during this period, too, that, as a relief from his acute mental sufferings, he took once more to reading his favourite authors, profane as well as sacred ; and, as he confesses, it was not in the sacred books that he found the most pleasure : "Wretched man that I was," he exclaims, "I fasted and I read Cicero ! After passing nights without sleep, and after shedding bitter tears for my faults, I took Plautus into my hands ! If at times, entering into myself, I began to read the Prophets, their simple and unpolished style repelled me. And, since my blindness prevented me from seeing the light, I thought that it was the fault of the sun, and not of my own eyes."

Finally, our Saint was brought to a better frame of mind by a terrifying dream which he recounts, and which settled him once for all in his determination to renounce his old studies for their own sake, and to use them once for all and henceforth in God's service. From this time to the end of his life, he continued to illustrate the ecclesiastical studies, to which he became devoted, by apt classical quotations and in this way to make the pagan authors the servants of the Church.

St. Jerome's stay in the desert came to an end about

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the year 380, when we find him at Constantinople, as a disciple of the great St. Gregory Nazianzen. Here, in this centre of great learning, our Saint devoted himself with his habitual ardour to an intense study of the Greek language, and amongst other things he translated into Latin the Chronicle of Eusebius. By doing this, he preserved this important early Christian record for posterity, since in the original Greek it is now known only in a few fragments.

From the East, Jerome returned to Rome, whither he accompanied two oriental bishops, who had been called to the Eternal City by Pope St. Damasus, to take part in a council. Our Saint's great capacities and learning were quickly recognized by the Pope, who appointed him his secretary. Besides thus making use of his great learning, his sound doctrinal training and his indefatigable industry, Pope Damasus soon confided to him some literary work, getting him first to translate into Latin two homilies of Origen on the Canticle of Canticles. Soon St. Damasus, seeing the multitude of the versions of the Latin Scriptures, begged him to turn his attention to revising these. He thus, by a happy inspiration, set St. Jerome upon the path along which he walked during the rest of his life. His work, as a zealous and faithful interpreter of Holy Writ, has won for him the unqualified admiration of all subsequent ages.

Jerome undertook, at Pope St. Damasus' bidding, a revision of the Latin version of the New Testament, comparing it with the Greek text, and bringing to bear upon his translation all the art of the most accomplished latinist of his age. At the same time, he undertook a revision of the old Latin Psalter, which had been translated from the Septuagint version. When completed, St. Damasus adopted this revision as the official version of the Church, and it became known as the *Versio Romana*. But it quickly became evident to St. Jerome that even this required further correction, and he was pressed, notably by his friend St. Paula, to revise his version. This he accomplished in the year 389, using for the



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purpose the Greek version of Origen's *Hexapla*. This subsequently was called the *Psalterium Gallicanum*, since it was adopted later on in Gaul, and finally superseded the Romanum very generally in the Church, except in Rome. This second version was inserted in most of the Latin Bibles, and is that now found in our Breviaries. Later on, in A.D. 392, our Saint made a translation of the Psalms from the Hebrew text.

It was during the three years (382-385), when he was secretary to St. Damasus and lived in Rome at the Campus Martius, that the Pope established the Archivium and Library of the Roman Church, under our Saint's inspiration and direction. This was placed at San Lorenzo in Damaso, on the site now occupied by the Cancelleria. The whole range of buildings belonging to the ancient Archivium was destroyed in 1486 by Cardinal Raphael Riario, the nephew of Sixtus IV, in order to erect his new palace on the site.

It was during this sojourn in Rome that St. Jerome formed a school of learning and piety, in a palace on the Aventine. The owner of the palace was Marcella, a widow, who had already consecrated her life to God, to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to the service of God's poor. Amongst the holy women who gathered there, were the saintly Paola and her two daughters, who had been drawn by the example of Marcella to the ascetical life, and to the study of God's word. In St. Jerome these saintly women found a master, a father and a friend, who helped them in their spiritual life and in their studies, and quickly won their respect and their undying affection.

The holy friendship which thus sprang up between these pious women and our Saint, a friendship only broken by death, forms a pleasing episode in the otherwise somewhat austere and rugged life of this great doctor of the Church. At least, it shows us this, that St. Jerome had a large and affectionate heart beneath the exterior almost, we might say, forbidding, which he chose to show to the world in general.

Before passing on, it may be well to understand what



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was the condition of society in Rome at this period. After three centuries of struggle against paganism and pagan immorality, Christianity, though in the main victorious, was acutely suffering from an insidious infiltration of pagan ideals and pagan vices. It must be remembered that the pagans were still in the majority even in Rome itself, and the Fourth Century may truly be said to have been a most, perhaps even the most, critical period in the history of the Church. The mingling of Christians and pagans in the ordinary affairs of life had the effect of weakening the hold of the Gospel teaching over the converted families. St. Jerome, for example, writes of a young Christian girl, who sat singing her Alleluia on the knees of her grandfather, a pagan priest (Ep. 107). The daily intercourse of pagan and Christian in the partly converted family and in the business occupations of everyday life, obviously worked out to the detriment of the Gospel morality. The worst enemies of true Christianity were to be found even at the foot of Christian altars, and in the houses of those supposed to be pious people. To the age of the martyrs had, at the time about which I speak, succeeded an age of unlawful affections and guilty pleasures even in the Church itself.

In truth, the letters of St. Jerome reveal what can only be called an appalling state of Christian morals at this time. Love of comfort, a perfect passion for luxury and pleasure, and an almost unblushing cupidity had infected the Church, and alas! even the clergy. On the other hand, there were some earnest souls who, recognizing the corruption about them, withdrew from the society of this corrupt world, and devoted themselves to the cultivation of the Christian virtues. Disgusted at the general state of affairs, they betook themselves to a solitary life, even in their houses and palaces, where they lived a form of monastic life, such as St. Athanasius had revealed to the Western world in 341.

To all such St. Jerome, on his coming, appealed as a special providence of God. In the face of the moral difficulties of the hour, he stood forth as a master and an

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apostle. At the wish of the Pope St. Damasus he accepted the spiritual direction of these earnest and holy women on the Aventine. A writer who has studied this period of the history of the Church in Rome has said : " Whether he wished it or not, to St. Jerome soon after his arrival in the eternal City, came naturally the direction of many earnest souls. His experience of the monastic life, his travels, his sojourn in the East, his knowledge of the original languages of the Holy Scriptures, his intelligence of the sacred text, and above all his natural gifts, together with the frankness of his character, his vivacity and the wealth of his imagination, the deep riches of his memory, his finesse, his wit, now ironical, now impassioned, his language derived from the purest sources of latinity, and enriched by the pearls of Biblical poesy, his brilliant education, and above all, his power of creating enthusiasm, and his generous nature overflowing with knowledge, affection and austere virtue, at once assured his authority over those ardent, delicate and pious souls " who, amidst the corruption of Roman manners, desired to serve God in prayer, study and works of Christian charity.

Who else could fill his place in a Rome where Greek was forgotten and Hebrew was unknown ? And so, in this convent-palace on the Aventine, his success was immediate and complete. This, however, did not make for peace with those who willed to remain in the state of moral degradation in which, in these sad days, the Roman world was plunged. The very talents of our Saint and his very occupations brought him enemies in ever increasing numbers. The translation of the New Testament from the Greek, though done at the command of the Pope himself, only added to his unpopularity among the clergy, who preferred the old Latin versions to which they were used, in spite of all their faults and the infinite variety of their readings.

To this ever growing personal hostility, the reply St. Jerome made to Helvidius' attack on the perpetual Virginity of the Blessed Virgin, added strength. In this work, our Saint seized the opportunity to hurl his invective

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tives, and pour out his scorn upon all who, calling themselves Christian, lived the lives of pagans. So in this way, in two years, Jerome made himself the most detested man in Rome, both by the pagans and by the loose-living Christians, people of the world and people of the Church. He had committed an unpardonable crime in censuring, in his vigorous and biting language, their crimes; he had wounded too many to be easily forgiven. With St. Paul he was forced to say: "*Inimicus vobis factus sum verum dicens.*"

Jerome's enemies were not slow to spread evil reports about him, and to attack even his moral character, by a variety of gross insinuations and rumours. They did not hesitate at misrepresenting the nature of his spiritual friendship with the ladies on the Aventine. As long as St. Damasus lived, such base insinuations did not touch our Saint; but when this Pope, whom Jerome had served so well, died, he was forced to leave the Apostolic chancery, and in a short time was even obliged to quit Rome, once more turning to the East as his refuge.

Jerome took with him on his journey his younger brother Paolinian, a Roman priest named Vincent, and a few monks. On the eve of leaving Ostia, he wrote to one of his spiritual daughters, Asella, a letter which reveals his affectionate heart, and the depth of his sadness at leaving Rome: "I should be foolish," he writes, "if I thought I could sufficiently thank you; may God recompense you, holy soul, in my place, for all you have done in my behalf. As for me, I am unworthy of it, and I have never dared to hope that you would show me such affection in Jesus Christ (as you have). And though some, burdened by the weight of their own sins, wish to believe me to be a blackguard, you do well, notwithstanding this opinion, to judge by your own heart, which are the good and which the bad." He then appeals against his calumniators to the personal knowledge of his friend, and of all on the Aventine. "Many a time," he continues, "have I been surrounded by a corona of virgins and as best I could have explained to them the divine Books. Our

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studies brought assiduous attendance ; our assiduity, familiarity, and familiarity an exchange of confidences. Let these virgins (of the Aventine) say whether they have ever heard me express an idea other than what a Christian should have used. I took money, my detractors say, from one of those ladies. No, never. I even refused every present, great or small. No money of others has ever crossed my palm. No dubious word has ever passed my lips, nor have I ever given a glance that was not pure. Salute Paula and Eustochium, my sisters in Jesus Christ. Salute Albina, my mother, my sisters Marcella and Marcellina and theirs. All of us will appear together before the judgment seat of Christ. Then will the conscience and life of each one of us be revealed. Remember."

It must have been some time in the year 386, that Jerome came to rest in his new home at Bethlehem, near to the grotto in which our Lord was born. Here in a short time he built a monastery, whilst St. Paola erected hard by a convent, and endowed it for pilgrims coming to visit the Holy places.

At Jerusalem our Saint found the friend of his youth, Rufinus, established. This latter had left Rome in A.D. 371, and after passing six years in Egypt had settled down near Melania, the widow so renowned for her name and long voyages, and the austerity of her life. But it should appear that Melania and Rufinus did not quite welcome the return of St. Jerome to the East, and that their relations were from the first somewhat strained and unfriendly. It is even suggested that this led to our Saint's fixing his abode at Bethlehem rather than in Jerusalem. In his new home Jerome remained, during the rest of his life, more than thirty years, living the life of a recluse, a teacher and a student. This period was not in any sense a period of rest and meditation. From time to time he became engaged in long and sharp controversies, and during all the period he devoted himself to arduous and continuous labours upon the sacred Scriptures. This may be regarded as his chief work for the Church, and it has certainly merited for him the undying gratitude of all

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subsequent Biblical scholars, and gained for him a renown which has grown during the subsequent centuries, even to our own days. It has most certainly established him as the first of the exegetical doctors of the Church.

One of the first works our Saint finished in his solitude of Bethlehem was his second revision of the Psalter from the Greek. It was apparently during his study of the Hexapla version of the Psalms, that St. Jerome abandoned his idea that the Septuagint version was so exact in every particular as to be almost inspired.

The work on the Psalter was followed in the years from A.D. 387 to A.D. 390 by Commentaries on various books of the Bible ; for instance, he commented on several of St. Paul's Epistles, and in the last year, on the book of Ecclesiasticus. After this, in the period from A.D. 390 to A.D. 405, he devoted most of his time and attention to his translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, though this immortal work was pursued along with many other occupations of a literary character, as for example, his *Quaestiones hebraicae in Genesim*, and *De interpretatione nominum hebraicorum*. After this he composed the lives of St. Hilarion and St. Malachy, and wrote Commentaries on the minor prophets.

Again, in A.D. 398, we find him occupied with a revision of his translation of the New Testament. He also continued his Commentary on Isaias, and about the same time brought to a conclusion his Latin translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. These Biblical studies, however, were interrupted for nearly seven years by his controversy with Rufinus, and it was not until A.D. 405 that he took up again the composition of his Commentaries, which occupied him till his death in A.D. 420. In the period from A.D. 401 to A.D. 410 are to be dated what has come down to us of his sermons, his homilies on St. Mark, and his homilies on the Psalms.

It is fairly obvious that this great work of St. Jerome would not be found very pleasing to those who were accustomed to the old Latin translation of the Scriptures from the Septuagint version. And so it proved to be,

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and very little faith was placed, generally, in the correctness of the changes made by him. He was attacked virulently on all sides, but he knew how to defend himself, and in most cases he silenced his adversaries. It was not, however, till ten years after his first translation that he was able to speak his true mind as to the Septuagint. He declared that he regarded it merely as a human work ; a translation made by learned men of unequal capacity, and most certainly not by inspired prophets. He pointed out that the corruption of the original text in some places was affirmed by the Church, which, for instance, preferred the Greek version of Daniel made by Theodotion to that of the Septuagint. He also argued its untrustworthiness from the differences of the citations from the Greek version of the Old Testament to be found in the New Testament, and in a letter to Pammachius (Ep. 37), replying to the traditional text quoted against his translation, said he preferred "the words of the Apostles to those of the seventy learned men."

As St. Jerome's life drew on to its close, and the shadows lengthened out in the sunset, he found the inevitable troubles of old age coming upon him. "Old age," he wrote in his Commentary on Amos, "brings with it many good things but many bad things. It frees us from those indolent tyrants, the desires of the flesh ; it puts a bridle on our appetites ; it breaks the impetus of luxury ; but it strengthens wisdom and suggests more mature control and counsel. The ills accompanying old age are growing infirmities : the eyes become dim, food loses its taste, the hands tremble, teeth drop out, the feet begin to stumble, and no longer safely support the body in walking : life itself is falling to pieces. Many members are already stricken with death. Nevertheless, if everything is well considered, misery weighed against misery, it is better to suffer infirmity, yea, all the infirmities of old age, and to escape the attacks of sensuality, that mistress which alone is more wearying and more importunate than all the rest. It is true that age is no protection from its darts, but it is one thing to be free from temptation, another to be

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liberated from its tyranny. Hidden under the cooling ashes, at times a spark tries to re-enkindle itself, but it is now unable to produce a fire."

All this time, our Saint continued to correspond with his friends, as may be seen in the wonderful collection of letters that have come down to us. During all the Middle Ages, these letters were the most popular book; and this popularity continued in the period of the Renaissance. His correspondence abounds in quotations from classical authors, especially Virgil. He cites Ennius and Naevius, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Sallust, Horace and Juvenal among the Latins and quotes Greek philosophers such as Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato, as well as Greek poets, such as Homer, Hesiod, and others.

In one of these letters (Ep. 57) he discusses the best method of translating from one language into another, and defends his own plan of rendering the Sacred Scriptures according to "their sense rather than in a slavish spirit of mere verbal literalism." A Cambridge scholar has said of him in this regard, that "in his fearless determination to ascertain the precise meaning of the sacred text, he offers a splendid example of rare candour and patient industry."

The last decade of St. Jerome's life was rendered sad by constant reports of the desolation of Europe, caused by the incursions of various hordes of barbarians. It seemed, indeed, as if the very civilization of the western world was destined to disappear amid the resulting chaos. In A.D. 408, and again the following year, Rome was attacked by two different savage tribes. "What shall I do?" writes Jerome on hearing the news, "what shall I do? The ship is shattered to pieces, and I am concerned about the load it carried. If up to the present time we are spared, we owe it, not to our own merits, but to God's mercy."

As our Saint looked out over the world from his solitary home at Bethlehem, he saw one fair country after another laid desolate. "Countless and cruel hordes sweep over Gaul and other lands," is his cry. "What is



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to be the end ? All the fair countries which lie between the Alps and the Pyrenees, between the Ocean and the Rhine, are already involved in one vast destruction. Down in the dust lie the ruins of prosperous cities, which had been built up by past generations of civilized peoples, and in which letters had greatly flourished. Mayence is no more, and thousands of its Christian population have been massacred within the walls of its great church. Worms, too, exists no longer, after enduring a long drawn out siege. The same fate has overtaken Rheims, Amiens, Arras and other flourishing centres of learning and civilization. Tournay, Spires and Strasbourg are under the sway of the Germans. From all sides comes the vision of ever advancing destruction and death. The sword that slays is abroad, and those that it spares the spectre of famine claims as its victims." "This is no time for marrying and giving in marriage," our solitary writes to a friend, "when these horrors are in sight and already upon us" (Ep. 123).

In this same period, Jerome suffered the loss of many of his friends. Rome, often besieged, on August 24th, A.D. 410, fell into the hands of the barbarians. Alaric the Goth at their head, forced the Porta Salaria, and the Eternal City was sacked and fired. The destruction of ancient monuments and the wholesale massacre of the people may be imagined. One of the victims of this terrible tragedy was St. Jerome's devoted friend, the widow Marcella, who under his instruction had devoted herself to the religious life and to the study of the Bible in her house on the Aventine. Her palace was invaded by the brutal barbarians, bent on pillage, and she died from the effects of her treatment by them. Some of her associates, escaping to Palestine, carried the news of the destruction of the city and of the death of his well-loved friend to Jerome. This had such an effect upon him, that he suspended his Commentary on Ezechiel for two years, and only after that period could he find it in his heart to take up again his pen, and write a memorial notice of his friend Marcella. "O the pity of it,"



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writes he then, "O the pity of it ! everything is crumbling to dust, and our sins still continue. One vast fire has devoured Rome, this famed city, this head of the entire universe. There is no place to which the Roman citizens have not been driven as exiles. The churches formerly so sacred have been reduced to ashes, and still we are a prey to avarice. We live as if we had not one whole day to live ; we build as if we were to live here for ever " (Ep. 128).

Again, in his preface to the prophet Ezechiel, the Saint speaks of the fugitives from Rome, who had fled even to Palestine. "Who could have imagined," he writes, "that Rome, raised up over the entire universe by its victories, could have fallen so low as to be at once the mother and the tomb of its citizens ? Who would have thought it possible that a day would come, when the children of this sovereign city would be seen wandering as fugitives along the shores of the Eastern world, of Egypt and of Africa, as servants and slaves ? Who could have imagined that, daily, Bethlehem would have to receive as beggars, noble Romans, illustrious ladies formerly living in opulence ? Powerless to help all of them, I can but grieve with them and weep over them. For their sakes I devote myself to the work of charity which is urgent, and in the pity which so many exiles inspire, I have laid aside my Commentary on Ezechiel, and almost every other study. In these days one must translate into action the words of Holy Scripture : instead of saying holy things, it is necessary to do them."

But already the barbarian conquerors were moving on towards the asylum St. Jerome had made for himself. By the year 411 the Saracens were actually devastating the frontier lands of Egypt and Palestine ; and fresh bands of exiles, flying before them, were arriving at Bethlehem. In the midst of all these troubles, however, our Saint continued to force himself to work. He was anxious to redeem the time, for the days were evil, and the call was ever ringing in his ears : "Work whilst you have the light, for the night cometh when no man can work."

## St. Jerome: His Life and

So he laboured on, in spite of advancing old age and increasing infirmities. He pictures himself to us at this time as working far into the night "by the light of a small lamp," a picture of our Saint which artists have loved to reproduce for us. He thus dictated his Commentary, and speaks of the relief which the exegesis of Holy Scripture gave to his troubled spirit. "To the drudgery of dictation, as I find it," he writes, "must be added this: that my eyes are dulled by age, like those of the patriarch Isaac; by the light in the night hours I cannot read the Hebrew volumes which, by reason of their dull characters, even in the daytime have become almost illegible to me. And as to Commentaries in Greek, I can now only read these by the eyes of my brethren."

Still, in the midst of all his sorrows and infirmities, St. Jerome occupied much of his declining years in controversy. He had no thought of repose, nor of taking any well-earned rest after his life-long labours. His only wish was to serve the Church and to defend the Faith, as long as his hand could hold the pen, or his mind could frame arguments useful to silence its opponents. He entered with almost youthful vigour into the Pelagian controversy. In regard to this a writer has said: "None of his books reveals more clearly the marvellous penetration of his mind." He knew little about Pelagius himself, or, indeed, of the controversy, and still less of the literature which was in circulation in the West, except from vague reports. But "certain propositions of the heretic" wrapped up in ambiguous phrases and illusive mystery were sufficient for him to gauge the danger of the Pelagian heresy to the Christian Faith, and to rouse him to action, and to thus furnish the Church with the arms necessary to combat it.

In writing to a friend shortly before his death, Jerome reveals how the heretics took vengeance upon him. In their revenge they had succeeded, he says, "in destroying the modest resources of my home at Bethlehem." Still they had not been able to deprive him of his peace in his humble cell, and he urges his friend Apronius to come to

# Labours for the Church of God

the East, and secure a peace which surpasseth all understanding, in the haven of rest at Bethlehem. "It is certain," he adds, "that the heretics always have poison in their hearts, but they do not dare to open empty mouths. They are like asps which stuff up their ears, that they may not hear. Our home in this place, as regards temporal goods, is ruined from top to bottom by the violence of the heretics ; but thanks to God, it abounds in spiritual goods. It is better to have nothing to eat but bread, than to suffer the loss of the Faith" (Ep. 139).

The end of our Saint's life was approaching. The last scriptural work upon which he was engaged, his Commentary upon Jeremias, had been interrupted by the persecution of the Pelagian heretics ; and when he resumed his task, he was able to continue it only to the 33rd chapter. His powers visibly diminished ; his life was slowly ebbing away. He could talk with difficulty, and only by the aid of a rope could he raise himself on his poor pallet, to give instruction to his monks. Some of his sorrowing friends watched around his bed, and with loving care sought to soothe the physical sufferings of the old man, and to assist the passing of his great soul. And so, on September 30th, A.D. 420, that is, fifteen centuries ago, this great Doctor of the Church, Saint in many ways, ascetic, penitent and teacher, raised up by God's providence to interpret the Sacred Scripture, and to keep the text of God's word pure for succeeding ages, passed to the reward of his indefatigable labours.

The writer of a most excellent popular biography of our Saint, the Rev. P. Largent, thus concludes his life : "No other saint affords less material for legendary history than St. Jerome, since his whole life is known and we can follow every step he took, in his works and in his letters. Legend is a homage, which memory and popular imagination gives to a man whose greatness has surpassed ordinary proportions. Among the facts which legend has added to the simple and laborious existence (of our Saint) one only is recorded : the adventure of the wounded lion,

## St. Jerome

which, healed by St. Jerome, became the guardian of the monks of Bethlehem and their helper in their rustic labours. This lion, like the tame wolf of St. Francis of Assisi, has accompanied, so to say, the great solitary through the succeeding ages. It has served him as a characteristic mark, and is seen curled up at the feet of the dying Saint in the picture of Domenichino.”\*

To say the truth, this characteristic emblem, like so many other similar ones, tells the truth. It is not without reason that pictures represent the Bishop of Hippo with that heart in his hand, that heart which, freed from deceitful affections, loved the Eternal beauty with an immortal love. And so it is not without reason that St. Jerome has the lion as a symbol. What other Father has reproduced better than the solitary of Bethlehem that type of the lion, such as we find it described in natural history, in fable or in poetry? Jerome was ever fearless and generous; he faced his enemies without counting their number, or measuring their strength. And if at times he sent forth a resounding roar, if at times he loudly expressed his anger, his roarings were the cry of a soul enamoured of the truth and solely anxious for it, and his anger was frequently only the anger of love.

A. CARD. GASQUET.

\* Ruskin, writing to Cardinal Manning (Oct. 27th, 1873), says: “I want to see the earliest account of St. Jerome’s lion, in whom I am more interested than in any Saint—at least bearded.”—*Henry Edward Manning*, by Shane Leslie, p. 327.

## GNATS AND CAMELS

IT is inevitable that all who profess belief in the Holy Catholic Church sincerely shall at some time or other consider with great seriousness the claim of the Bishop of Rome to be head and centre of the Church. It is inevitable also that all who care for unity in the Catholic Church shall repudiate this claim, if they find they must do so, with regret. "If one could only believe that Rome is right, how it would simplify things! Yet admirable as Rome is in many ways, her claim to exclusive dominance is impossible." Many who wish to be Catholics, or think themselves Catholics, express themselves like this. Conscious of much that is unsatisfactory in the forms of Christianity they profess, looking at Roman Catholicism wistfully, they still think "Rome is impossible" as presenting as terms of communion certain things they cannot allow.

People in this frame of mind will do well to ponder Our Lord's comment on those who "strain at gnats, but swallow a camel." Thorough-going Protestants might well recognize in the Pharisees their own Scriptural prototypes. "I thank God I am not as other men. I never fast. I pay no tithes, and give nothing but what I choose. I thank God I am not as common men, or even as this papist. I will worship God in my own way; and, if I see any trying to enter the Kingdom of Heaven *via Romana*, I will do my best to stop them." Such self-righteousness corresponds exactly to the temper of those whom Our Lord denounced as "a generation of vipers." Many others also who do not imitate their pride will do well, in appraising competing claims in a divided Christendom, to cultivate that sense of proportion inculcated in the reference to gnats and camels.

The writer of this article, an American convert from Episcopalianism, was, until recently, identified with those Anglicans who regard themselves as specimens of "the primitive Church"; who, repudiating all connection with continental Protestantism, seek authority for their

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contentions in Jerusalem, Constantinople and early Rome, never in Wittenberg and Geneva ; who, though actually heirs of the English Reformation, are nevertheless trying to counteract most of its effects ; who, though passionately Catholic in their sacramental doctrine, yet refuse to recognize the Pope. This view would now seem so indefensible as to merit only contempt, if one did not know that it is held in all sincerity by many men and women of the noblest types in both England and America. It is natural for a convert to compare difficulties in the two points of view he knows, to balance accounts by footing up losses and gains. The writer's experience is that Protestant difficulties are insuperable, while the Roman, once very real, have vanished altogether with knowledge of what "Rome" actually is. If in memory and imagination the old bugbears are revived, they seem so trifling as to be negligible. One whose gullet has been expanded by habitual swallowings of "reformed" camels cannot be supersensitive to irritation by papistical gnats. Longtime herding with double-humped quadrupeds makes him indifferent to inaudible buzzings by invisible insects. His gorge will not rise at the hierarchy, if squirearchy has slipped easily down his throat ; nor can he gag at Innocent III, if ever he has gulped Henry VIII and Cranmer. These metaphors are not poetical ; yet they must be tolerated as being strictly Scriptural !

The usual objections made by a High Anglican to the claims of "Rome" concern : (1) hyperdogmatism in matters of detail ; (2) the papacy ; (3) the contentions of the Eastern Orthodox Church ; (4) the spiritual experience of Anglican saints who believed themselves Catholics. These are rendered plausible by appealing from "modern Rome" to "antiquity." Quite obviously the Church of the first centuries did not say things and do things in the same way that "Rome" does them now ; hence, it is argued, we have disproof of the Roman claim to be *semper eadem*, and "there can be no union with Rome until Rome be other than she is." Yet the facts show that, though degrees of apprehension and

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modes of application have developed, things themselves have remained unchanged ; and that most of those who stickle at modern improvements upon ancient modes and degrees are themselves involved in gradual abandonment of ancient realities. Rome may have altered ancient modes of procedure ; the non-Romans are ceasing to proceed in the ancient ways altogether. If "Romanism" be not Catholicism, no such thing exists.

It may be granted, not only for argument's sake but as fact, that among Catholics are examples of overdogmatism in the realm of logical inferences, of disproportionate devotions in the cult of saints, of distortion in treating of functions of the papacy, of over-emphasis upon aspects of the truth which result in exaggerations in practice : yet the inconveniences and inconsistencies of these exaggerations—which have no sanction in the Church's formal authority—cannot for a moment be compared with the flagrant evils resulting from under-emphasis, neglect, and denials, on the other side. If, to avoid difficulties such as these are conceived to be, refuge be taken in Anglicanism, the consequences are somewhat as follows. Instead of over-insistence on dogmatic details, there is no insistence on dogmatic essentials. Instead of rigorous requirements of orthodoxy, there is complicity in denial of every article of the Catholic Faith. Instead of disproportionate cult of certain saints, there is no cult of saints at all, and very little genuine worship of God. Instead of unity, strictly maintained by allegiance to the Apostolic See, there is only pretence of an unworkable theory of unity and a condition of actual anarchy. Avoidance of exaggerations is secured by elimination of anything worth exaggerating. Fastidious sense of proportion is made the excuse for heresy and schism. Those who accuse "Rome" of sins of "too much" will do well to weigh dangers of "too little" and "none at all" on the other side. If they be hipped on dangers of exaggeration, let them heed the warning conveyed in "*Methinks the lady doth protest too much.*"

Protestant objections to Catholicism may usually be



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resolved into categories of opposition to authority, opposition to asceticism, dislike of the supernatural. High Anglicans have no sympathy with these. Their aim in life is to oppose Protestant tendencies in the Anglican Communion. Yet, while wishing to accept all Catholic principles, they shrink from certain applications in detail; even those most "advanced" on the road to Catholicity prove balky at some point short of the goal. They differ from other Protestants merely as "not quite" differs from "not at all." They are in no sympathy with antagonism to creeds, to sacramental mysticism, to monasticism, to the hierarchy; yet, in quibbling distinctions between "Roman" and "Catholic," they concern themselves with others' "motes," oblivious of their own "beams." Their objections often resolve themselves into belief that the papacy exaggerates a primacy which they recognize, and conviction, fortified by experience, of the validity of their own priesthood.\* Yet their scruples involve perpetuation of schism and connivance at heresy which they deplore, and paradoxically aligns them with the Russian Bez-Popofsky, whose meticulous exactions in their standard for priests have resulted in their giving up priests and sacraments altogether.

1. High Anglicans are pre-eminently defenders of Sacraments, determined to undo Puritan depravation of these in the English-speaking world. Their perfervid belief in Catholic ideals has so inflamed their imaginations that they fail coolly to consider what the Sacraments of Anglicanism really are. Yet, whatever his personal prejudices, no one who studies the English Prayer Book can fail to see its marked departures from the sacramental system of Catholic tradition. Penance and Unction have no real authorization in certain shreds of rubrics in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick; the Office for Con-

\* With many the chief anchor that holds them to Anglicanism is enthusiasm for clerical matrimony, or, at any rate, experience of it. They would be willing to acquiesce in Papal claims and Papal condemnation of Anglican Orders, if only the charming mistresses of English rectories and episcopal palaces might be received by a First Lady in the Vatican!



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firmation, framed on a Lutheran model, and the Ordinal, carefully excluding any conception of a sacrificing priesthood, are, from the Catholic standpoint, at best ambiguous: the whole case for sacramental continuity in the Church of England plainly rests on the character of the "two only" Sacraments of its Catechism. Only special pleading of a very special sort can make any kind of case for the others, which, according to the Articles, "are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures." Nor is there unshaken proof of the survival in the Church of England of a safeguarded Eucharist and Baptism.

In the case of most High Anglicans there is no defect in belief as to what the Eucharist is. They accept all concerning the Presence and the Sacrifice which the Catholic Church teaches. To them "it is the Mass that matters"; they firmly believe that the English Communion Service is the Mass, and that it is their chief duty to restore it to its place of rightful dignity and supremacy. Of late many clergymen have taken to interpolating those portions of the Mass to which nothing corresponds in the English Rite, often saying them in Latin. They fail to see that their personal aspirations are not those of the organization under which they are commissioned to act.

According to the rubrics of the Prayer Book, the Communion is not the central and normal act of Christian worship, but an occasional appendage to Morning Prayer. The Sixteenth Century reformers overthrew "the idol of the Mass" and set up the idol of the sermon. No one in their day regarded the new Order of Communion as English perpetuation of the Mass, nor recognized any Masses in England save those said by Jesuits and seminary priests who lost life or liberty in consequence. In order to refute the contention of those who maintained that the First Prayer Book retained the Catholic essentials, every trace of the doctrine of Sacrifice was abolished, and the doctrine of the Presence obscured, in

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the Second. The English Communion Office was first invested with all characteristics of the Mass by the devout imaginations of the younger followers of the Oxford Movement. The Communions, which High Anglicans so reverently celebrate, belong to the family of Saxon and Swiss rites : the witness of history differentiates them clearly from the daily sacrifice of Catholic liturgy. Judged by Catholic standards, eastern as well as western, it is a very doubtful Eucharist, independently of all question of the validity of ordination in the Anglican priesthood.

Unfortunately, too, something of the same sort must be said of the Baptism. There is, however, a great difference in the two cases, and much to support the contention of those who, recognizing the instability of the Church of England's sacramental superstructure, hold nevertheless that its basis in Catholic baptism is unmistakably firm. There is no doubt about the Prayer Book doctrine, no doubt about the Prayer Book mode of administration. If the law of the Prayer Book were final, the validity of Anglican baptisms could not be questioned. Its language throughout sufficiently expresses the essentials of Catholic doctrine. Its intention is clear; so ought also to be the intention of all who use it.

So thought the Bishop of Exeter in 1850, and refused to institute a rector whose views on Baptism were not sound. Then came the Gorham judgment whereby the highest tribunal in the Church of England as "by law established" pronounced that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration or its denial were equally permissible. As a consequence, baptism may be administered in accordance with the spirit of the Prayer Book, and usually is; or it may not be, as not infrequently happens. The Prayer Book may be used in its natural, or in an unnatural, sense. This principle, which has various forms of application, creates a difficulty for all who recognize as one essential of valid Catholic baptism "the intention of doing what the Church does." Can one who expressly denies baptismal regeneration be held to have the intention of

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the Catholic Church, even if using a Catholic formula in a (legally permitted) unnatural sense? Bishop Philpott's baptisms would, on Catholic grounds, be valid; but what about Mr. Gorham's? Ninety-nine out of a hundred Anglican baptisms may be valid and probably are; but what about the hundredth? From the Catholic standpoint, it will be doubtful. The teaching as to baptism is the strongest point in the claim that the Anglican Prayer Book is essentially Catholic; yet even this is weakened by "inclusive" methods of interpretation. The sacramental system of the Anglican Churches is flawed to the very foundation. This fact stabs the very hearts of the Oxford sacramentarians; yet they cling blindly to the English Establishment which exists to perpetuate it.

2. Anglicans think and speak much of unity, the High Anglicans of Catholic unity. Yet all of them are anti-papal, failing to see that in the Catholic Church the papacy is merely the culmination and safeguard of the principles of unity and authority. The Pope was dethroned in England to make way for the Tudor monarchs; he is flouted by modern High Anglicans in the name of the "historic episcopate"; he is rejected by American Episcopalians who have invented a form of Congregationalism. In all of these substitutes for Papal government, royal, "episcopal," congregational, there has been loss of rightful authority, and loss also of any workable basis for unity.

The Church, as established by Our Lord in the persons of the Twelve, the Apostolic Church, is essentially hierarchical; authority devolves from above. In state establishments and congregational systems, its authority is secular and evolves from below. The whole history of Anglicanism illustrates the inevitable loss of spiritual freedom which results from subservience of the Church to secular authority. Lay-control is at the foundation of its government, whether this be exercised by King, Prime Minister, or Vestry; the theoretical authority of its bishops, as set forth by High Churchmen, corresponds

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to little in the working facts. Its clergy, instead of witnessing to Divine authority, revealed in the Incarnation, perpetuated by the Church, are forced to devise schemes of keeping on good terms with the world.

So also has it lost hold of any principle of unity. As this is one of its watchwords, as it regards itself as a "Church of the Reconciliation," destined to bring Christendom together, as it talks more of unity than any other Christian body, being animated by unmistakable sincerity, it is only fair that it be judged by its unity-programmes. The best known of these is the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral, Scriptures, Creeds, two Sacraments, Historic Episcopate. Yet this list of essentials presents nothing very solid when interpreted by Anglican practice. All they come to is :

Scriptures that used to mean everything.

Creeds that now mean anything.

Some Sacraments that may mean something.

A Polity that means nothing.

The *crux* of all Anglican proposals looking to unity is the requirement of episcopal ordination ; yet this requirement has never been officially made without clear indication of the absence of traditional Catholic principle. The Anglican episcopate takes pains to exhibit itself as emphatically not historic. Lambeth Conferences have made this abundantly clear, and not least the last of them, with its appeal for interchange of ordinations. "Bishops and clergy of our Communion would willingly accept from the authorities of other Communions a form of commission or recognition which would commend our ministry to their congregations, as having its place in the one family life . . . (in the) hope that the same motive would lead ministers who have not received it to accept a commission through episcopal ordination, as obtaining for them a ministry through the whole fellowship." The tone of the appeal in which this proposal occurs is admirable, exhibiting a charity and humility worthy of Christian leaders ; yet it shows that its authors

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are "Archbishops and bishops of the Holy Catholic Church" only in the sense of the nebulous fiction of Protestants, not in that of Eastern and Western Catholics. Not thus do *historic* bishops speak and act as guardians in the Catholic Church of the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

The proposal means one of two things : either "Forms of ordination are all equally meaningless—let us treat them indifferently as red tape," or "Laying on of hands is an irresistible charm, magical in its effects on unconscious recipients ; therefore we will trick you into it, if we can." Both of these interpretations will be given it ; and that a form susceptible of such interpretations should have been proposed to, and accepted by, men of diametrically opposed views is typically Anglican. It serves to differentiate Anglicans from all Catholics ; nor will it conciliate Protestants for whom it is intended. To quote a London Free Churchman : "Why can we not be taken as we are ? The answer must be that there is some grace conveyed by episcopal ordination, which most of us would seriously question." Yet unjust stewards of the mysteries of God who have been willing to tell Nonconformists to "take down their bills and write fifty" may on future occasions be expected to offer easier terms. Episcopal ordination at cut-rates is their staple proposal ; yet they find no market for their wares.

Lord Bacon, speaking of unity in religion, comments : "Certain Laodicæans and lukewarm persons think they may accommodate points of religion by middle ways and taking part of both and witty reconcilements, as if they could make arbitrament between God and man." From the Protestant standpoint, this Lambeth proposal may be a "witty reconciliation" ; from the Catholic, it merely heaps ridicule on Anglican pretensions. It seeks a basis in Protestant *amour propre* for what can only be found in Divine truth. One wonders whether the Lambeth fathers would be willing to be immersed as adults in order that thereby Baptists might be regarded as having been sprinkled as infants ; or whether they would be willing to be "soundly converted" at a revival, to

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"get the power" and "whoop it up," in order to allure Methodists to the decorum of confirmation. If so, would they go further along the same line to qualify for the growing sect of Holy Rollers, or consent to annex a wife or two to encourage monogamy among Mormons and Mohammedans? With their determination to "include" everything under the sun, moon and stars—except Catholicism—the logical limit of their schemes is "reunion all round," as profoundly discussed some years since by Father Ronald Knox. What they are trying to do in efforts to round up all the lost tribes is to have unity without a centre and to piece out a circumference from scraps of tangents.\*

It is very common for Anglicans to rest on names with little regard to meanings or things. If any sect has "Sacraments," they are prone to accept the name "Baptism" or "Lord's Supper" as equivalent to the Catholic reality. They themselves have "bishops" and "priests"; they assume these officials to be identical with the historic Orders of the Church. Methodists and Mormons also have "bishops" invested with more actual authority than their "Episcopal" namesakes; yet the generic term covers specific differences. The devices of unthinking amiability can never be substitutes for the structural principles of the religion of the Incarnation.

Lambeth proposals are preferred as substitutes for the unity existing among all who are in communion with the Apostolic See. They have never yet succeeded in amalgamating any of the fragments of the non-Catholic world. The most notable thing about them is that they ignore direct reference to the One Church, but deal, rather, with an indefinite number of "Communions." Our Lord's method of ensuring unity among His followers was to establish One Apostolic Church. Scriptures,

\* A ribald reporter, noting the coquettish attitude of the English Archbishops toward the Scottish Kirk, exclaims, "How amiable is this Court of Arches!" He might also have added:

"Humpty Dumpty had Protestant fits,  
Fell out with the Pope and was smashed into bits:  
And Bishops at Lambeth, with all of their wives,  
Can't stick him together to save their lives."

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creeds, sacraments, bishops, are but products and details of its life. But the Church is the thing. "Rome" offers the Church, actually united by its hold of the Petrine primacy, unflinching in loyalty to the faith once delivered, and to the foundation once laid. Lambeth offers nothing but a playing fast and loose with principles, juggling with words, talk about aspects of the Church's life with minimized meanings. One keeps the coherence of Catholic Christendom; the other seeks—without discovering it—the least common divisor of the highest common multiple of innumerable Protestants. The Anglican bishops seem to assume that, if only they can lay hands on enough people, all will come right. Hence they are eager to impose itching palms on Lutherans in Sweden, Presbyterians in Scotland, and Congregationalists in the United States, with no obvious result save demonstrating to their own "Catholic party" the futility of High Anglican claims. As basis of unity they offer an "episcopal" ministry to which no definite idea may be attached except that of non-Catholic character. Meanwhile the Apostolic See, actual centre of unity, bears unwavering witness to the one principle which has been practically effective, and alone can claim Divine sanction.

3. High Anglicans wish to do full justice to spiritual experience; yet they segregate themselves as the result of loyalty to a few. They are disposed to make a fetich of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble. These men were good; they wished to be Catholic: therefore, it is urged, our conceptions of Catholicity must justify them, though at cost of condemning innumerable others. Let them be true, though all men else be liars. The High Anglicans are successors of the Non-jurors in identifying correct Catholicity with a fastidious exclusiveness. In all the Christian world no sect professes principles which involve more pathetic isolation. For, on their showing, "Rome" is wrong, having allowed scholastic logic to add too many finishing touches to patristic generalizations; the East, though better, is unsatisfactory, being slow to recognize the Anglican position; Protestants are all wrong;



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Protestant Anglicans are very wrong; unfortunately, also, most Anglo-Catholics fail wholly to satisfy the criteria of sporadic Athanasii, who, as sole Catholic champions, defy Church as well as World, to say nothing of canons of the ludicrous and of common sense. Any Anglo-Catholic, forced concretely to apply his standards, will find the inner circle of the elect reduced to himself and a few friends. The "Catholic party" lacks coherence. The whole contention is *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea of Catholicity, and quite plainly a striking illustration of the audacities of Protestant private judgment. There is heroism, but also absurdity, in John Keble's declaration after the Gorham judgment: "If the Church of England were to fail, it would still be found in my parish." He differs from John Wesley who "took the whole world for his parish," in that he simply took his parish for the whole world: but the two Johns alike adopt distinctly Protestant positions. It is possible to venerate the personal characters of the Anglican saints without wholesale condemnation of others full as saintly, and without adopting ecclesiastical opinions forced upon them by the peculiar circumstances of their lives. No defensible theory of Catholicity can rest upon private judgment. It is not worth while to stickle at a constitutionally infallible Pope for the sake of setting up myriads of unconstitutionally infallible laymen.\*

One of the strongest bulwarks of the High Anglican position is its supposed approximation to that of the Orthodox East. Yet the resemblance consists merely in that both are non-papal. The doctrinal laxity of Anglicanism is as far removed from St. John Damascene as it is from St. Thomas Aquinas. Its orders have never yet been recognized by the East, and never will be, if the East remains immobile in its doctrine of Sacraments. Nor can the East, in spite of wish to be friendly with Anglicans, ever be expected to be won by pan-protestant federation, rather than by the broad charity and enlight-

\* It would not be possible to live in a world of Woodrow Wilsons. *Les Etats Unis? C'est moi. L'Univers? Il aurait dû être moi.*



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ened sympathy whereby the Apostolic See is endeavouring to recall Eastern Orthodoxy into truly Catholic unity.

High Anglicanism presents a series of studies in private judgment, and many instances of marked defiance of authority. Its talk of "the Church" simply disguises from itself the nakedness of its individualism. "It stands thus in the illogical and unhistorical position of a system which is philocatholic in its views and aspirations, but hopelessly committed to heresy and heretical communication, and built upon an essentially Protestant foundation. . . . A branch theory which is repudiated by the principal branches, or a province theory unknown to the rest of the provinces, and a continuity theory of which more than twelve thousand documents in the Record Office and Vatican Library are the overwhelming refutation, cannot form a standing ground that is more than temporary and transitional." \*

The only reasonable interpretation of the Anglican position is that it exists to perpetuate the principles of the English Reformation. This inaugurated one of the more decorous forms of Protestantism; and those who approve Protestantism do well to favour it. High Anglicans, however, aim at undoing the work of the Reformation. The only way to effect their object honourably is to recognize that the Reformation was criminal in its originators and a curse to their descendants, and to return to the Church from which English Protestants cut themselves off. If they are sincerely devoted to Catholic Sacramentalism, let them submit to the authority which alone sanctions it. For such as they "Rome" is simply Home.

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN.

\* Canon Moyes, in *The Catholic Encyclopædia*.

## THE GHOST OF GUY

**S**PEAKING generally, it must be admitted that the modern ghost, and especially the type that frequents old country houses, is rather a tame sort of being and distinctly lacking in originality and enterprise. Even overwrought nerves have no special reason to be disquieted by the old gentlemen in snuff-coloured coats, or the sad-faced ladies in sun-bonnets, who occasionally revisit, apparently with quite peaceable intentions, the haunts they frequented in life. Of course, there are exceptions. For example, the Rev. Mr. Tweedale's Aunt Leah, though no doubt a most charming old lady when she lived upon earth, would in most households hardly be regarded as a welcome visitor when she appeared five years after her death at a children's Christmas party. If I seem to be taking an unwarrantable liberty with the private concerns of the family in question, I can only plead that it is Mr. Tweedale himself who has published all the details at considerable length in his book, *Man's Survival after Death*.<sup>\*</sup> He tells us how Aunt Leah, whose demise took place on August 13th, 1905, presented herself unannounced in his dining-room on the afternoon of December 25th, 1910.

Dressed in white, she suddenly appeared from behind a curtain and "*walked clean through the Christmas tree*, neither overturning it, nor displacing a single toy suspended thereon." The italics are Mr. Tweedale's. Previously to this Aunt Leah had manifested with, or as, "a winged figure something like a cherub in appearance." There were also loud scratchings at the door like those of a big bird or animal, and a long growl ending in a wail or moaning sound. The growl apparently came from Aunt Leah's short-haired terrier who sometimes accompanied her in visible form when she paid her visits from the other world. Although the dog had died several years before its mistress, its ghost seems to have

<sup>\*</sup> *Man's Survival after Death*, by Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, Otley; second edition (1920), pp. 146-61. Only the second edition contains these experiences.

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been of more solid texture than that of the old lady. At any rate it sprang at Mrs. Tweedale "as though leaping upon her shoulder" while she was going upstairs with a lamp in her hand. "It seemed to knock off the lamp-glass and burner, which both fell on the stairs, the glass being broken, while the oil was splashed all over the wall." She (Mrs. Tweedale) "was a good deal shaken and startled by this experience"—as well she might be. On another occasion the dog, in the full view of Mrs. Tweedale and their servant Ida, jumped up and rang the dinner gong by knocking against it. In fact, both the gong and all the bells sounded the whole of one afternoon at frequent intervals, no one being near them. Further, Aunt Leah used to shout the Christian names of members of the family from all parts of the house, but by preference from the top of the stairs, "in a most wonderful, indescribably sad, wailing tone." She also upset the contents of bedrooms, left doors open which were meant to be shut—a most objectionable habit even in the young and thoughtless—startled the servants when passing up the staircase until they nearly broke their necks with the speed of their precipitate descent, carried on long conversations with her sister Marie (Mr. Tweedale's mother) in so loud a tone that "Marjorie, Sylvia and Herschel heard every word," and was so forgetful of the proprieties, that when she wanted her sister, the elder Mrs. Tweedale, she remarked to the young servant-maid *tout court*: "Tell Marie to come up." Mr. Tweedale himself, apparently, never saw the ghostly form of his aunt, though he heard her voice; but his wife, mother, three children and two servants both heard, and also saw. Indeed, he informs us: "The witnesses signed the various statements in my presence, and on oath, which I am also prepared to do independently where my own testimony is concerned."

Perhaps the most curious feature connected with the case, is the reason assigned for this visitation, which lasted almost continuously for five months. When asked whether she was happy, Aunt Leah, by raps, replied, "No."

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On further inquiry it appeared that the cause of her unhappiness was the fact that her name had not been inscribed on her tomb. On a later occasion she shouted to her sister, "her wonderful voice seeming to come from the ceiling," in these words, "Marie, Marie, I want my name on the vault," and when the request was at last carried out, a new demonstration followed. No wonder Mr. Tweedale finds himself constrained to draw the conclusion: "This experience . . . showed in an unmistakable manner how terrene interests loom largely in the early days, or even years, of the spirit life." Moreover, although the tomb grievance seems to have been the principal cause of the old lady's interest in her nephew's household, the carving of the inscription did not entirely bring the apparition to an end; for we read that

My Aunt Leah continued to manifest wonderfully for several months, appearing to the various members of the household, and also speaking in the direct voice audible to all present. She was last seen and heard on February 9th, 1913, when, appearing suddenly, tall and white, the face plump and clearly visible, she took out of my wife's hands an article she much used when in earth life, saying: "It's Leah's, it's mine." The dog continued to be seen from time to time, notably on December 25th, 1911 [another sociable Christmas visit!] when it was seen in our bedroom, and again on October 8th, 1914.

It seemed worth while to deal with this illustration at some length, partly to show what the modern ghost—or should one, perhaps, say, the modern ghost-hunter—at his best, is capable of, but still more to mark the contrast between the "spiritualism" of a Church of England clergyman at the present day and the belief in the spirit world as exemplified by the clergy of the Middle Ages. Some few months ago, M. Charles-Victor Langlois, *de l'Académie française*, delivered a *conférence* before a select audience connected with the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. He took for his theme the story of an apparition which has left its mark upon the early literature of most of the countries of Europe, and the purport of M. Langlois' discourse was to rehabilitate the

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spectre, or at any rate to show that the narrative depended upon very much better evidence than has hitherto been supposed. The tale is sufficiently famous to have claimed a paragraph in Raynaldi's continuation of Baronius. In Great Britain it obtained currency by means of a long Middle-English poem still preserved in two or three different manuscripts, and the hero developed into an almost proverbial personage to whom we find allusions not only in the somewhat ribald verse of the "poet laureate," John Skelton, but also north of the Tweed in the writings of Dunbar. Moreover, Sir David Lindsay,\* Lyon king-of-arms, tells us in the preface to his poem *The Dreame* (1528) how he used to amuse the infant James V, by dressing himself up sometimes as a goblin or a demon,

And sometyme like the greislie Gaist of Gye.

So far as England is concerned, perhaps, the first mention of the "grisly ghost of Guy" is to be found in an allusion which seems to have escaped M. Langlois' researches. It occurs in the annals of the anonymous chronicler of Bridlington, and as the late Bishop Stubbs, in editing the text for the Rolls Series, had here to depend upon a seventeenth century transcript, the names have been transfigured almost beyond recognition. The brief entry, as it stands in the chronicle, runs thus :

Likewise in the same year (1324) a certain brother John Coby [read *Goby*], of the Order of Preachers, Prior in the convent of Mestum [read *Alestum*, i.e., *Alais*], in the province of Provence, at the request of the principal inhabitants of Mestum [*Alais*], taking with him some of his brethren and a number of other persons, visited the house of a man recently dead, one Gilbert de Corno [read *Guy de Torno*]. Here for eight days continually, after the date of his demise a certain voice was heard by many of the inhabitants of Mestum [*Alais*] which being interrogated by the friar replied very pitifully to the questions asked, and said

\* It is curious that Sir David Lindsay was himself the authority for one of the most famous ghost stories in history. While Lindsay was standing beside the king in St. Michael's Church, Linlithgow, the weird spectre of an old man appeared and warned the young monarch against the campaign which ended at Flodden. Buchanan declares that he heard the story from Lindsay's own lips.

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that he was a good spirit, as you will find written in another book under the heading "spirit" amongst the *Incidentia Chronicorum*.\*

Other chroniclers, like the famous Florentine Villani and the Dominican Archbishop, St. Antoninus, make brief reference to the same incident. In Hermann Corner the whole tale is narrated in its most developed and uncritical form, occupying no less than six folio pages in the edition of Eckhart. As a separate work the treatise *De Spiritu Guidonis* exists in a number of manuscripts, it was translated into many languages, including Catalan, Swedish and Welsh, and was printed for the first time in its Latin form at Delft in 1486. At the same time no modern critic who reads the story in the expanded version, in which it reaches us in all these widely circulated redactions, could possibly regard the incident as having any serious historical value. M. Barthélemy Hauréau, who dealt with the subject in the thirty-third volume of the *Notices et Extraits*, was fully justified upon the evidence before him in pronouncing that the long dialogue between the prior and the ghost, a dialogue in which both parties displayed their skill in subtle scholastic distinctions, bore every mark of having been fabricated with a tendential purpose. Moreover, in the available text, the names, owing to some primitive misreadings, which are even now not quite cleared up, left the reader in uncertainty as to the identity of the place where the ghost appeared. In many manuscripts Bologna or Verona seem to be indicated, and naturally with a false starting-point of this kind the whole account seemed to abound in contradictions. The first step towards a better understanding was made by a German scholar, Gustav Schleich, who in 1898 edited for the second time the Middle-English poem on the subject and printed with it, not only the expanded Latin relation so widely known, but also a much more

\* See *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I and Edward II*, ed. Stubbs, ii, p. 85. Bishop Stubbs, in the preface, deplors the loss of this work, the *Incidentia Chronicorum*. He also expresses his regret that he could find no Dominican house called Mestum in the list of the Dominican priories of Provence.

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condpious version which was incorporated by Walter Bower in his continuation of Fordun's *Scoticchronicon*. That this latter document, concise and comparatively sober in tone, was the kernel of the tractate *De Spiritu Guidonis* becomes practically certain upon careful comparison. But M. Langlois from Spanish and other sources has now been able to contribute further evidence, and I cannot do better than follow him in trying to set the story in its proper light.

The earliest information we possess upon the subject comes to us from a letter of the Dominican, Bernard de Ribera, who on April 23rd, 1324, wrote to Bishop Guy of Majorca in the following terms :

Reverend Father and Lord, I want to send you an account of an astonishing manifestation which has just occurred here. So far as I have been able to read or hear, there is no fuller or better ordered narrative than that contained in the little roll I send herewith. It contains the whole truth, just as it was set out before the Sovereign Pontiff and their lordships the Cardinals.

Some other information communicated in the letter will find a more fitting place further on. Be it noted, however, that the same Father Bernard de Ribera seems also to have dispatched another copy of the document to Spain with another covering letter, in the course of which he says :

You may like to know that Peter Gautier, the Procurator of our Order, told me on February 10th, that the Lord Pope has commissioned Brother John Gobi, the Prior of Alais, with the best people of the town, to conduct an inquiry at the request of those who have heard the Voice, to know if there is any imposture in the matter. The truth of the account I send you herewith is now established by an immense number of credible witnesses. Some of our Brothers have left Avignon to present the official investigation to the Lord Pope and the College of Cardinals. Meanwhile the Voice still continues to make itself heard, and whether it be questioned by barbarians from England, Scotland or Germany, it answers every one in his own language."

The copy of the same relation which is contained in the *Scoticchronicon* is introduced by a statement that it was



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attested by the common seal of the town of Alais and that the Pope and cardinals, then, of course, resident at Avignon, forty miles off, had been greatly impressed by it. The writer who transmitted the account seems further to imply, like Ribera, that the phenomena still continued after the report was drawn up. In all our copies the document begins in the first person, and the first few sentences may as well be given entire :

On Christmas day of the year 1323, I, Brother John Goby, Prior of the Order of Preachers, in our friary of Alais, in the province of Provence, was requested by the principal inhabitants of Alais to go to the house of Guy de Torno, in which house, for eight days together since his death, a certain voice had been heard by many people of consequence in the town. Although I went reluctantly, still, to see whether it was an imposture or some diabolical illusion, I set off, taking with me three of the community (names given). Besides these there accompanied us more than a hundred laymen, to wit, the Lord of Alais, William de Cadoena, etc. When we came to the dwelling, in order to take precautions against fraud, we very carefully searched the house and even under the tiles, and not only that, but all the neighbouring buildings. And in all those which we examined we left the best of the townsmen to keep watch, men whom we could thoroughly trust, turning out all the usual occupants. Further, in two places of the house itself which might offer facilities for fraud, that is on the flat roof (*solarium*) over the room in which the said voice was heard, and also in the middle of the rafters, we stationed other picked townsmen. And lest perhaps the wife of the said dead man might play us any trick, we arranged that a worthy and elderly woman should sleep in the same bed with the aforesaid wife of the deceased. The doors then being shut, I asked the wife at which of the beds the voice was particularly heard. She answered that, so far as she could tell, it was at the bed in which he had died. And so I, with my three companions, each of us having his lantern lit, sat down upon the bed of the said dead man. Let me add, however, that I, as I always clung to the idea that it was all mere deceit of the devil, had brought away with me, when I left the friary, but so secretly that no one but myself knew it, a pyx with the Body of Christ, and I carried it about me with such devotion as I could; but none of my companions knew anything of the matter.



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It would almost seem as if Prior John Gobi could give points to the Society for Psychical Research in the thoroughness of the precautions he had taken against fraud. But the rest of his story must be told more succinctly. The four friars upon the bed recited the three nocturnes of the Office for the Dead, together with the Litany, when suddenly they were conscious that some invisible presence was passing in front of them. It advanced towards the bed of the wife and made a noise like the sweeping of a broom. The wife thereupon, in a panic of fear, cried out aloud: "There it is! There it is!" The friars were themselves somewhat shaken, but one of them induced the wife to ask the spirit whether he was Guy de Torno. At once a feeble and pitiful voice answered, apparently from the middle of the room, "Yes, I am he." The friars then stood round the spot from which the voice seemed to proceed and the laymen of the party apparently pushed their way into the room and crowded round. The prior, recovering all his courage, greeted the spirit with many forms of adjuration and then went on to put a number of questions. The ghost was asked whether he was a good or an evil spirit. He answered that he was a good spirit; he said further that he was assured that he would ultimately reach heaven, but that at present he was performing his purgatory. Asked why he haunted that spot, he replied that it was because his sins were committed there; amongst these sins was the grief he had caused his mother. He added that there he was enduring his particular purgatory, but that during the daytime he suffered in the common purgatory (*purgatorium commune*), further that it would be his lot to have to return continually for two years to the places where he had sinned unless others came to his aid by their prayers. Asked what kind of prayers helped most, he replied masses, especially, and the seven penitential psalms. In reply to further questions he declared that it would take a hundred masses to procure his release, that he was enduring the pain of fire, that indulgences were beneficial and that the living could

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divest themselves of their indulgences for the benefit of the dead—this last is theologically an interesting statement in view of the date at which it was recorded. Further, it is noteworthy that the ghost, when asked concerning the fate in the next world of those he had known during life, replied that he could disclose nothing regarding the lot of others. God did not permit it.

Extravagant as this account must appear in many respects to the religious sceptic, M. Langlois seems thoroughly justified in his favourable opinion both of the authenticity of the document itself and of the good faith of the writer. Let me hasten to add that in the view of the same distinguished French Academician the whole phenomenon is explainable as an ingenious piece of ventriloquism on the part of Guy de Torno's widow. She was, he thinks, hysterical and possibly a victim by fits and starts of that curious mental condition which we call duplex personality. No doubt if we further call to our aid those gifts of lucidity or telepathic sensibility which in some rare cases we find associated with hysterio-epilepsy, there is nothing in the story of the Ghost of Guy which cannot be explained away. Still the difficulties are not inconsiderable. To begin with, ventriloquism is not a novelty in the world. It was known to the ancients, it is known by many savages. Prior John Gobi and his brethren, the members of a learned order, living close to the papal court at Avignon, are not likely to have been quite unsophisticated; while the whole story shows that they were evidently on the alert to detect trickery. Again, the art of ventriloquism requires a great deal of practice.\* We can hardly suppose that an hysterical subject, generally keen to attract notice, would successfully conceal such an accomplishment from her neighbours in the hope of mystifying them ultimately if her husband happened to die. On the other hand, if the neighbours knew, the imposture could hardly have been maintained. Hardly less serious is the difficulty created by a point upon

\* I think I am also right in saying that a ventriloquist finds himself particularly hampered in the dark.

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which I have not yet touched, viz., that the spirit, under pressure, admitted that the abject terror exhibited by his wife was due to her consciousness of the sins committed between them in their marriage relations. "We have both confessed it," said the ghost, "but she has not expiated it; let her make expiation now." If Prior John's account of what happened is accurate (and the frank admission of points making against his own view, as well as the generally sober tone, give an impression of conscientious accuracy), it is hard to believe that a woman in her state of hysterical excitement could at the same time have kept up the ventriloquism without faltering. Other difficulties may be found in the fact that the spirit, as we read, openly declared that the prior was carrying the Blessed Sacrament about him, though this was unknown to everyone but himself; and also in the gentle breath of wind (*sibilus auræ levis*) which fanned them and which all present were conscious of when the ghost finally took its departure.

I do not think that we can safely lay much stress upon the statements contained in the concluding portion of Friar Bernard de Ribera's letter of April 23rd, from which I have previously quoted. John Gobi writes from personal experience and is drafting a formal report to be submitted to the Pope. Ribera only repeats what has been told him by friends and correspondents. Still, what he says is interesting. After mentioning that Gobi's narrative was read before the Pope and Cardinals in consistory and that directions were consequently sent to the Archbishop of Aix (a Dominican) to inquire still further into the case, in concert with the King's officers and the magistrature, the investigation, he adds, was duly made and Gobi's report was in every way confirmed. Then he goes on to say that in the course of this inquiry,

The spirit showed itself for the first time in a luminous form. A Carmelite in the crowd exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this appearance? So far you have only manifested through the sound of a voice." The spirit replied proudly: "The light you see is my good angel who, when I have finished my term of pen-

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ance, will conduct me to the joys of paradise." And this is not all. Two of our friars sent to Alais by the Pope have, along with the chief men of the town and religious of all Orders, questioned the spirit on three different nights in the presence of three hundred people. One of them said to the spirit: "I conjure thee by the Body of Christ to tell us under what form thou art speaking to us." Everybody heard the answer: "Under the form of a dove." Then said the Brother, "Prove it." The spirit answered, "Willingly," and at once (it was the hour of cock-crow and there was not a trace of a feather in the house) the whole room was covered with white feathers. Every one was stupefied. The Brother in question is named Arnold of Perpignan. He is a student of good reputation who preaches very well. For the rest, questions and answers have continued from Christmas down to Holy Week. If anything new happens, I will let you know.

Nothing further, it seems, need here be added by way of comment upon this curious tale. It is a matter upon which everyone may be left to form his own opinion. But the text of Prior John Gobi's report at least makes it clear that the ghosts of the Middle Ages, whether genuine or fictitious, were preoccupied, not with the inscription to be carved on their tombstone, but with the things of the spirit and the thought of heaven. "Terrene interests" seem to have troubled them but little, except in so far as they could help men still living to avoid their own mistakes and make their salvation more secure.

HERBERT THURSTON.

# THE FIRST THREE AMERICAN CARDINALS, McCLOSKEY, FARLEY AND GIBBONS

**I**N the United States there has always been uncertainty about a cardinal. American Protestants protest against "papal pomps and pretensions," and look upon the increase of Catholic strength as a danger to the Republic and an affront to their own prophets. Seventy years ago it was proudly preached that the Republic had nothing to fear from the Pope's minions, because air and soil would reject the natural enemies of liberty as Ireland rejects snakes. This confidence having been flouted by facts, the more zealous Protestants organized notable movements in 1830 and in 1845 and again in 1870, which tried, under the title of Native-Americans, Know-nothings, and American Protective Association, to nullify Catholic action. A similar movement is effervescing at present under the guiding hands of eminently stupid leaders, whose stupidity is nourished by astute political leaders with a view to keeping them innocuous. The natural hostility among Protestants inclines them to look with distrust and suspicion on a cardinal, even of native birth. On the other hand Americans like to be on a par with Europe, which is richly ornamented with cardinals and seems to get on with them. Moreover, the dignity indicates that its possessor has won great success in life or the life to come. Consequently, Americans feel a certain pride when a native son wins the prize, as a sign that America is on a level with Europe in the eyes of shrewd old Rome. Facetious journalism made them acquainted with the interesting facts in articles headed by vivid phrases, such as "Farley Gets the Red Hat." Thus, between popular complacency and widespread distrust, the American people are uncertain about a cardinal. In

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the forty-two years since the first red hat came to America, however, they have done very well. But their uncertainty developed among the Catholics, prelates and people, a kindred emotion of fear and caution. Everybody is confused before a situation develops.

The writers of books ignore the existence of the Catholic body and the Catholic Church in the United States. The exclusive literary circles close their gates and their magazines to Catholic topics, and frown at a Catholic atmosphere in a pagan tale. Catholic writers entering these circles leave the expression of their faith outside. Catholic owners of important publications never permit Catholic utterances, rarely employ Catholic writers, and accept their share in the conspiracy of silence devotedly, lest the public desert their magazine. Longfellow is still neglected and still detested by a clique, because of the Catholic colour and atmosphere in his poetry, although he himself hardly believed in Christianity. Once upon a time the *Atlantic Monthly* printed an emotional article on some phase of Catholic life from the pen of an agnostic. The editor was deluged with protests and threats, and, his defence embracing the fact of the writer's unbelief, he was informed that his readers wished to hear nothing whatever about Catholics, good, bad, or indifferent. The daily Press held the same viewpoint until the question of profit and loss arose. James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *New York Herald*, was a Catholic; but his journal stood for the secular spirit, and rather outraged the Catholic body than favoured it. When Catholic business men began to pay for advertising, a change occurred in the daily Press; but even yet it is often necessary to open up the Press channels by moral dynamite. This is the general condition. In the city of New York it has two edges and many peculiarities. In every important movement, question, agitation, or discussion, the organization called Tammany sooner or later is revealed as part of New York's fibre. Foreign writers and legislators employ its name as a synonym for municipal corruption. The motive of all this ferocity

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sprang from the fact that Tammany was largely officered by men of Irish blood, who also professed the Catholic faith. Tammany was described as an organization of thugs, New York was its drugged and debased victim, the Catholic religion was its inspiration, and the Republic, therefore, was always in great danger. As time and experience displayed real facts to the candid, that Tammany is the cleverest political organization in the country, that its leader, Charles Murphy, is without a peer, that New York is as well-governed a city as exists, the opposition became less imaginative. Still, the old spirit survives, and the reigning archbishop may wake up any morning to a welter of confusion. This happened to Cardinal Farley when Mitchel was mayor, a Catholic grandson of John Mitchel, when Fusion had secured a trio of renegades, Mitchel, Dougherty and Prendergast, to assault the charity system of the diocese; but the effect upon the Catholic people proved it a false tactic. The next election swept Fusion into its proper abyss. This description of conditions is necessary to an understanding of the character and achievement of Cardinal Farley and Cardinal Gibbons. It is not easy to measure the task which faced both prelates or to appreciate the tact, skill and courage required to deal with them. From long habit Catholics have a higher estimate of remote personages than of home leaders. Many know Newman that never heard of Brownson, and not a few find more pleasure in Manning on his London stage than in Gibbons on the great stage of the Republic, teaching and persuading the most interested and gentle democracy on earth. As an illustration of this whole situation some account of the first American cardinal will be of value.

Archbishop John McCloskey, born in Brooklyn in 1810, owed his elevation in part to the fame and services of his predecessor, Archbishop Hughes, who strongly and effectively supported the Lincoln government during the Civil War, preached sermons in its behalf in his cathedral, served on a mission to Europe to hinder concerted action by France and England in behalf of the Confederacy, and



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so aroused the gratitude of Lincoln that he asked the Pope, rather cautiously, because it was only a decade from the famous Bedini incident, to confer upon Hughes the highest honours. The Archbishop died in January of 1864, and Lincoln in April, 1865, so that a full decade elapsed before Pius IX recalled his obligation to the American Republic and conferred upon Dr. McCloskey the purple. For some time the Archbishop hesitated to accept the honour, chiefly because of his age and delicate health, which shrank before the publicity and the ceremonies attending the event; but also because there was a grave question as to how the public would take the matter, as a new invasion by Rome and a threat against the nation. He was a shrewd observer, well acquainted with conditions, and a lover of peace. His decision to accept the honour gave Catholics great joy, and decent preparations were made to carry out the ceremonies in the expectation that the public would remain indifferent. Nothing happened as was hoped and planned. The modern American journalist, in the person of James Gordon Bennett, was cutting his eye teeth, and found the conferring of the papal insignia fiercely interesting, and in the *New York Herald* presented the details to his readers with such gusto that Press and public greeted the honour as signs of American progress. The illustrated papers filled their pages with scenes from the papal ceremonies. It was remembered that Pius IX had formerly been known as a Liberal Pope. Playgoers recalled the Richelieu of Bulwer-Lytton and Edwin Booth, actors found audiences more deeply interested in the past, Augustine Daly presenting De Rohan in *The Queen's Necklace*, Willard portraying a Medici cardinal, and ten others the Richelieu of Alexandre Dumas. The quiet and retiring McCloskey became a national celebrity. Some enthusiastic Catholics made a study of papal etiquette and evolved a gift of a state coach with plumes and white horses. The new Cardinal rode in it once and then consigned it to limbo, chiefly because it resembled in drab New York the gorgeous wagons of the circus



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parade, and also because an Irish journalist asked pointedly: What has the American Republic to do with the pomps of European royalty? The rejected chariot after half a century still slumbers in the stable. Cardinal McCloskey followed his quiet path until his death in 1885. Fears of a Roman invasion lessened, the Red Hat became a staple topic of journalism, and the people discussed probable candidates on the streets.

The New York of 1895, confined to Manhattan Island, was a pleasant and simple city. The New York of 1910, having absorbed much surrounding territory, challenged the supremacy of London in population and enterprise. Old and well-established parishes faded out of existence in six months, while new parishes grew with a speed that no one could cope with. All the nations of the earth assembled within its limits: Syrians, Greeks, Serbs, Croatians, Bohemians, Hungarians, with the familiar Italians, French, Spanish and Germans. The diocese in 1885 was as placid and comfortable as that of Albany; in 1910 it presented all the difficulties and problems, in a small compass, that besiege the Pope's administration. Archbishop Corrigan, the successor of Cardinal McCloskey, in whose time the transformation of New York occurred, made the first preparations to meet the new conditions. A mild and gentle character, he followed the episcopal tradition, devoted to his diocese, saying little for the ear of the public. The McGlynn storm presented him to the world as an ecclesiastical tyrant, whereas he was simply an American gentleman, too gentle and kindly to deal with catastrophes. John Murphy Farley, the future cardinal, was trained in his service. He believed it a principle of episcopal decorum to keep in the eye of his diocese but out of sight of the public. The American hierarchy have cultivated the principle as good tactics, because of the speed with which a cyclone of bigotry bursts upon the country. Archbishop Hughes, however, laid down a contrary principle. When his public speeches were made the basis of a complaint to Rome, that they were exposing Catholics to persecution, he pointed out

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the fact that the one city without burnings and riots against Catholics was his own. This was true, but few bishops are born with the dominant personality of John Hughes. John Farley began his studies in an Irish college, continued them at Fordham in New York, and closed them in Rome, where he was ordained in 1870. He served for two years on Staten Island, became secretary to Archbishop McCloskey in 1872, and held that position for twelve years. Fifty years ago such an office was considered a sure step to the episcopate, and Monsignor Farley's friends suffered consternation when he was appointed pastor of a city church. The promotion meant in that day that his public career had ended. He accepted the situation as final, and from that day made no effort except the parochial, content with his parish and perhaps disgusted with the intricacies of a curial career. Casually, however, he became in time the representative of the McCloskey regime. Archbishop Corrigan naturally had introduced his own policy, which involved the displacement of the older officials. He discovered speedily, in the troubled days of his reign, that many things could not be done without them. Monsignor Farley, with little effort on his part, and always with reluctance on the part of the authorities, became the leading figure in the diocese after the Archbishop. First a member of the Council, then Vicar-General, finally Auxiliary Bishop, always supported by devoted followers, he approached the highest honours. The public began to regard him as lucky. He was known as a polished and kindly churchman, but it was supposed always that he lacked character and energy. When he became archbishop of the greatest see in America, outsiders felt that a small candle had been lighted on a large candlestick. The estimates were faulty or altogether wrong. His ascent to high position reads more like a romance than a tale of mediocrity, and was sprinkled with dramatic incident. In the McGlynn trouble friends of Archbishop Corrigan planned an address of loyalty to the Archbishop, designed to answer some of Dr. McGlynn's charges. Farley refused to sign it on the ground that its

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formulation threw suspicion on the loyalty of the clergy. He had slight regard for Dr. McGlynn or his methods, but he objected firmly to the treatment accorded him as uncanonical and lacking in consideration for his popular standing. Supporting the Catholic University and the general policy of Cardinal Gibbons at all times with vigour, he voted against Archbishop Corrigan when the notable Professor Schroeder was dropped from the university faculty for Cahenslyism. He remained *persona grata* to Archbishop Satolli, the first papal delegate to America, when New York almost defied him. Consequently it was always a surprise to himself when each new honour arrived, though accompanied by the thorn of depreciation. Archbishop Corrigan made him his Vicar-General, but immediately appointed another as an offset; and before naming him auxiliary bishop he sought the honour for another. However, nothing moved Monsignor Farley from his chosen pathway; he worked faithfully for the interests of the Archbishop of the diocese, and when the last step came the entire hierarchy gave him the compliment of its opinion that he was the logical candidate.

A mere outline tells of his immense work entailed by administering the diocese of New York. In the matter of education he brought the diocese to normal in the number of schools and children, established a day college for students for the priesthood, which helped to increase the number of clergy from 700 to 1,100, improved the diocesan seminary in notable ways, took a large share in publishing *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, and supported strongly the Catholic University at Washington, aiding it with particular effect in its great financial crisis due to the Waggaman failure. For home and foreign mission work he developed powerfully such agencies as the Propagation of the Faith, the charitable societies, and the United Catholic Works, increasing their activities by raising their revenues. He established churches and secured priests for the different nationalities in the diocese, until they numbered one-fourth of the diocesan priests

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and churches. Conferences, retreats, and monthly devotional meetings were instituted or carried out with care and thoroughness for the sanctification of the clergy. He supervised the administrative work in person, necessarily leaving the details to his aids, so that he knew his diocese thoroughly. He brought peace to his diocese after the excitement of the McGlynn and other incidents, and made the administration of it as effective and smooth as common sense could desire. To many who knew him intimately it was a regret that he did not display to the people the fine qualities which made him a personage. He had much in common with Cardinal Gibbons, whom he supported and admired. They were of the same type, mild, reasonable, moderate and courteous. The actual difference between them lay in one fact, that Cardinal Farley had little to say for the ears of the nation. That he could speak and act in the grand manner when he felt like it was made apparent in the two most public incidents of his career: the consecration of the cathedral and his reception into the Sacred College. Nothing like these ceremonial incidents had ever been seen in New York except the Dewey celebration and the centenary of the Federal Government in 1889. The consecration incident was celebrated for a week with the Cardinals Vannutelli, Logue and Gibbons among the guests. The Press of New York devoted time and space to the incidents, to such an extent that newspaper men have speculated ever since as to how the event commanded such attention. Travelling to Rome to receive the Red Hat he surrounded himself with a retinue of clergymen that must have astonished the Pope; while on his return New York turned out to greet him in procession, an army general led the parade up Fifth Avenue, which required three hours, and thousands of cheering people thronged the streets. For a week the cathedral was outlined at night by electric lights, and the most eminent men in the country poured in congratulations and compliments. With all his avoidance of notoriety he understood and sympathized with the feeling of the Catholic crowd towards great events: that they

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provided the opportunity to display to the public the enthusiasm and devotion of Catholics, and therefore should be carried out with splendour. The less informed opinion of non-Catholic Americans is that Catholics are shy because ignorant, and taciturn because they have no case. The last years and works of Cardinal Farley were a gorgeous reply to such insinuations.

Cardinal Gibbons was all this and something more. Pope Leo XIII had intended to make Archbishop Williams of Boston the second American cardinal, but this prelate did not desire the honour. A handsome, dignified, reticent prelate of the McCloskey type, Archbishop Williams shrank from notoriety. In a discussion of the matter with his young friend, Archbishop Corrigan, they decided to recommend the Archbishop of Baltimore to His Holiness, and were pleased to have their suggestion accepted. Gibbons had become widely known through his high position as papal representative at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, but little was known about him personally. His intimates praised him for three things, his knowledge of Latin, colloquial and literary; his book, entitled *The Faith of Our Fathers*; and the promptness of his entrance into the See of Baltimore. He had been named coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore; the latter died before Gibbons left his Richmond See to take up the new position, and thereupon captious opponents raised the question: Can he lawfully take possession under the circumstances? This query was, of course, to be the basis of a second *terna* and other candidates. While the disputants were settling details the Coadjutor entered the city and took possession, thus getting the nine points of the law on his side. His book was a pleasant, apt, popular presentation of Catholic doctrine for the American mind. Some critics did not think highly of it, making the mistake of ignoring its peculiar fitness for the American situation. It sold by the million for half a century. His experiences in North Carolina and Richmond, among the rock-ribbed, unspoiled Americans of that section, had given the cardinal

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a keen insight into the American mind. The journalists took a fancy to him from the Council period, and decided that his future deserved to be bright. Cardinal Gibbons always treated the journalists well, gave them interviews any time, supplied them with advance news, and reserved places for them at important functions. He believed in the secular Press, which as a rule the bishops shunned. Incidentally the journalists made His Eminence a celebrity of tremendous moral influence in the nation. Naturally he was as cautious and reticent as either McCloskey or Farley, knowing as well as they the strength of Protestant feeling against the Church, and the bitterness and violence of its expression in the south and west, where Catholics were few and poor. But the Press had made the Red Hat and its possessor pets of publicity. His Eminence was forced into prominence: he had to speak on all important topics at regular intervals, and at least to voice the sentiments of the Catholic episcopate and people. It was also to his taste. He understood the power which the Press had among the multitude: a wonderful, almost magical, power in that day, more than half destroyed in this century by cynical and systematic deception and fraud. Whatever reluctance he might have had to frequent utterances in the Press, he had at his side men like Bishop Keane, Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Riordan, who strove to reach the American public through the Press, and so urged His Eminence to make use of his opportunity. Very few among the hierarchy liked publicity, and some were very disdainful of His Eminence for its use. As time went on, however, it became evident that much good was springing from it. For example, there was the famous encyclical of Leo XIII on labour, issued in 1891. At that time these long documents were barely noticed in the secular Press. I suggested to the editor of the *New York World* what a "scoop" for his journal, and what a novelty for newspaperdom, if he secured a copy of the encyclical and printed it in advance entire, while his rivals were slumbering. The suggestion was accepted with enthusiasm.

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Cardinal Gibbons had a copy of the Pope's letter, but was holding it according to custom until a certain date when each bishop would have received his own copy. It required little persuasion to get the document, the *World* printed it splendidly, rivals were astounded and mortified, Catholics were delighted, Labour felt uplifted, and the general public was highly pleased by the enterprise of the *World* and the democratic utterances of the Pope. Cardinal Gibbons never lost his grip, and his career can almost be described from his adventures with and in the Press.

To take other prominent instances, there may be mentioned the case of the Knights of Labour, the foundation of the University of Washington, the Great War, and the introduction of Prohibition. With the advice and support of Archbishops Ireland and Riordan, he urged the Pope not to condemn the Knights of Labour, a labour society then popular, which the corporations were fighting tooth and nail, which the New York Central Railroad had planned to destroy, and which had been condemned by Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec. The *New York Herald* had managed, through its agent in Rome, to secure a copy of this letter and printed it entire, thus getting even with the *World* for its "scoop" on the encyclical. It caused a great sensation, Cardinal Gibbons was acclaimed as a genuine American, and from that moment took his place among the leaders of his time. The opening of the University in 1889 had its proper effect upon the educational circle. It reminded them that the Church had been the great patron of learning always, and that in this instance America was to see and enjoy the beginnings of a similar patronage. President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, the rectors of all the notable universities, and distinguished citizens of other beliefs, were present at the function of dedication. Newspaper comment was widespread and complimentary. When the University was caught in the current of Cahenslyism, and dismissed some of its staff for connection with it, the Cardinal was praised for his Americanism. Nevertheless, another spirit



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hovered about these things. The publications of the anti-Catholic faction are always numerous and strong. They follow the steps of an archbishop as sleuth hounds a trail, yet manage to evade the law of libel. Between them and the Catholic extremists His Eminence often travelled rather slippery roads. While the former had little footing in America, and were detestable to the public, the latter could always get a hearing in Rome, sometimes a favourable decision, and were as loud as they were foolish in the display of triumph and zeal. One set often used the other for their own purposes, making it very difficult for the Cardinal to advise the Holy See properly and at the same time satisfy the American public. For example, when the compromise school was up for settlement, the Catholic extremists told the Pope that its adoption would mean the end of religious training for the children, and on the other hand warned the bigots that the scheme was tantamount to introducing the Catholic religion into the schools. The Pope granted Archbishop Ireland the decision *Tolerari posse*, but the school boards in the west abolished the compromise school. Catholic extremists and anti-Catholic bigots would have been pleased to see the Catholic University at Washington perish, of course from different motives; and it required a strong hand to enable Cardinal Gibbons to keep the institution going. No one could tell from what quarter a storm might come. When President Wilson entered upon his first term, the Cardinal in due time paid him a visit. He had been a favourite with many Presidents, who always treated him with the consideration due to his rank and his standing. Wilson had been head of Princeton as Gibbons was chancellor of the Catholic University; one was President and the other Primate, and both were southerners in residence and feeling. Wilson kept His Eminence waiting, and during an affable chat addressed him as Mr. Gibbons. The incident caused much amusement and speculation. The Protestant clergy use the Mister, but etiquette requires a notable clergyman to be called Doctor, and a prelate to be called Bishop; and no



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one declines to call a priest Father, since it is a term in common use. But Wilson perhaps had many thoughts in his mind of his New Jersey days, when Cardinal Farley declined to meet him. The anti-Catholic Press made capital of this incident, and might have made much more but that the opening of the Great War changed all things. It is a curious fact in Catholic American history that a war has always happened in time to disrupt anti-Catholic movements of any importance. The war with Mexico evaporated the Native-American Party, the Civil War dissolved the Know-nothing Party, the war with Spain gave the American Protective Association its death blow, and the European War dissipated the storm which the bigots were brewing since 1905. Many embarrassing questions disturbed the leaders when Wilson declared war on Germany. Citizens of Irish blood had no relish for aiding England, and those of German blood had no desire to fight against their own kin. Cordiality became the strong feature of the Wilson administration, which was more than glad when the letter of the Cardinal, calling upon all Catholics to support the Government, pledging a vigorous loyalty, and basing action upon the paramount duty of the citizen, brought everybody into line, shut out discussion, and checked possible division and delay at the very start. The letter was superb, but its spirit and timeliness were beyond praise, and can be quoted against bigots for another century.

Prohibition became a political issue during the war, and a part of the Constitution immediately afterwards. An unpopular measure, it never could have won out but for the over-confidence of distillers and brewers, the indifference of the citizens, and the trickery of its advocates. The Cardinal opposed it steadily and openly as un-American and dangerous, just as at an earlier date he had opposed the alarming increase of the liquor business and the saloon. Many Prohibitionists are fanatics. One of them in New York State, named Anderson, bitterly attacked the Cardinal, in language satisfactory to other fanatics, but to the Press and the people so odious that

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their clamour compelled the superiors of Anderson to apologize and to moderate his transports for the future. Prohibition is still on trial and promises sensations for the next decade. The four incidents just discussed illustrate the temper and courage of the Cardinal and indicate his position with the American public. The position was delicate, a primacy of honour without authority, of responsibility without statutory power. The Pope looked to him, the episcopate often made him their mouthpiece, the Catholic people sustained him tacitly but proudly, and the American public allowed him only one rival, Archbishop Ireland. This unique position His Eminence held to the last, through all the mutations of his career. He supervised a great diocese efficiently, but his talent displayed itself in the position bestowed upon him by the Press, confirmed by the American people, and, finally, accepted by the Church and the Catholic body. The incidents of his career make a wonderful story. It seems likely they will never be written, partly for lack of writers with understanding, but chiefly because few American Catholics believe that their leaders were great men.

One singular deficiency marked the two Cardinals: neither seemed to understand the need of a Catholic Press and neither did anything towards its promotion. They were approached often on the subject, but never acted. Gibbons seemed to have accepted Manning's remark that it was better to use the secular Press which reached everybody than a religious Press which reached only the few. The New York prelate was content with such publications as outlived all calamities. From this simple position they never moved, and the Episcopate accepted it as correct. This is the more curious since both were well acquainted with the condition of the Catholic American Press. Most of its enterprises have been financial failures, Catholic journalists and writers always drift, too late for their own good, into secular journalism; yet both Cardinals gave out at regular intervals their encouragement to the writers to keep up

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the ill-paid struggle and their determination to found an efficient Press. In a moment of enthusiasm Cardinal Farley declared he would establish a daily paper before he died; but his prediction did not come to pass. The explanation for this indifference, as far as the Cardinals were concerned, is to be found in the fear of the Catholic leaders that too much emphasis in speech or action might give hostile movements the right spur to action.

By way of summary it may be said that Cardinal Farley was really a man of character, holding substantially the opinions and views of Cardinal Gibbons on main points of policy, and supporting him always; but he deliberately adopted the tradition of New York prelates as to his method, confining himself to domestic-diocesan activities, feeling that the American people suspected and too often misinterpreted such prelates as Gibbons and Ireland. Cardinal Gibbons, on the other hand, made great use of the publicity which accompanied him. In an almost casual fashion he became the representative of the American people to Rome and Europe, which seem to have found that people difficult to understand or to get the facts about. He became the interpreter of Catholic Americans in their relations with one another and with the Republic. He became a national figure, a great citizen known and beloved everywhere, a symbol of all that was noblest in his creed and in religion. His public service can hardly be over-estimated. His like has not been seen in this nation. He made the Catholic Church and her people, once so scorned, comprehensible to the wise and the simple. On the great stage of the Republic he held his high place nobly, a figure as stately as Washington and as simple as Jefferson.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

# LOCAL RECORDS OF THE ELIZABETHAN SETTLEMENT

**A**MONG the mass of material for the history of the period of the Elizabethan Religious Settlement extant in the British Museum and the Public Record Office, an important place must be assigned to the series of English and Welsh diocesan returns, comprising the replies of the several Ordinaries to the queries put by the Privy Council in the summer of 1563. This national collection of statistics, important alike for its official character and its comparatively close date to the final schism with Rome in 1559, is unfortunately neither perfect nor entirely to be found in a single volume. Four dioceses (York, Oxford, Gloucester, and Bristol) are now unrepresented, through subsequent loss; the remainder have their documents preserved in the British Museum according to the following classification:

*Harleian MSS., Vol. 594.*—St. Asaph, Bangor, Bath and Wells, Canterbury, Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Coventry and Lichfield, Durham, Ely, Exeter.

*Harleian MSS., Vol. 595.*—Llandaff, London, St. David's, Salisbury, Winchester, Worcester.

*Lansdowne MSS., Vol. 6.*—Hereford, Norwich, Peterborough, Rochester.

*Lansdowne MSS., Vol. 23.*—Lincoln.

It is the purpose of this paper to attempt a review of the returns relating to the See of Canterbury and its two immediate neighbours, Rochester and Chichester.

The injunctions laid upon the newly-appointed State bishops by their creators, the Privy Council of Elizabeth during the year 1563, arose from the realization by Cecil and his colleagues that godly religion as by law established was not taking root in the country as deeply as had been hoped and anticipated. The amount of resistance encoun-

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tered in all quarters of the kingdom from the adherents of the proscribed Catholicism had rendered necessary the application of more rigorous methods of coercion than those forced through Parliament in 1559; and early in 1563 fresh legislation\* brought down the penalties of *Praemunire* upon maintainers of the Papal jurisdiction who still refused the oath of the Queen's spiritual supremacy. The voluminous contemporary correspondence of the bishops to headquarters demonstrates that most of them were finding the task of extirpating Popery singularly arduous and unpleasant, and a few months after the new Parliamentary measures had been enacted, the Privy Council decided to have the work of enforcing conformity more efficiently carried out, by acquainting themselves more intimately with the exact position of affairs in each diocese.

So late as 1568 the Treasurer of the Diocese of Chichester could write to Cecil of an area so comparatively under the eye of the Westminster Government, *Vndique enim apud nos Papistarum et Papismatis plena fere sunt omnia*†; and an estimate of this kind must have met the facts of the case almost everywhere in England with still greater force five years earlier, when the steadily increasing pressure of penalties had had less time to take effect.

Transient opposition had all along to be reckoned with, but by 1563 Cecil perceived that the time had arrived when things should permanently be settling down. The country might at any moment become involved in grave difficulties with the Continental Powers who had not shaken off the Pope, and who might combine in a common effort to bring back the lost sheep by force, if their mutual political distrust of one another could be overcome. Moreover, the growing possibility of internal commotions in the discontented north country with the ultimate aim of replacing Elizabeth by the Catholic Queen of Scots, coupled with the increased formidability in the spiritual sphere of a Roman Church with its house set in order at Trent, and possessing in the Jesuits a

\* 5 Eliz. c. 1. † P.R.O. Dom. Eliz. XLVII, No. 40, Aug. 14, 1568.

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new weapon in its armoury, rendered it impolitic to let England continue a seething mass of hidden and open Popery. *Dum fortis armatus custodit atrium suum, in pace sunt omnia quae possidet.* The way to fulfil this maxim seemed to Cecil to lie in his more immediate knowledge and control of diocesan affairs; except the wise Parker there seemed hardly a single bishop coping with his flock with any real success.

Of the three diocesan returns only Rochester quotes the questions of the Council, though it is easy to gather their import without this aid from the answers of the others: (1) What counties the diocese comprised; (2) into what archdeaconries, deaneries, etc., it was divided; (3) what peculiar jurisdictions it contained outside of that of the ordinary; (4) what parish churches and chapels the diocese included; (5) the number of households in every parish, with an instruction to name the various officials concerned in each query.

The Canterbury return is the only one of the three which supplies answers to the fifth question; but Rochester and Chichester are considerably more informative on the subject of vacant livings and the names of diocesan *personnel*.

Briefly examining the salient points of each return, Chichester will be taken first. It is of some interest to remember that this document\* was drawn up and signed by the famous William Barlow, Bishop of Chichester, who had acted as Parker's consecrator at the memorable function in Lambeth Chapel on the morning of December 17th, 1559.

The short preamble of the bishop states that he has received the Privy Council's letters, dated July 9th, 1563, in the afternoon of the 17th following. In two days only he has collected (with commendable promptitude and efficiency) his voluminous material, only apologizing for the impossibility of ascertaining the number of households in every parish in so short a time. The answers to the three first questions are of some interest:

\* Harley MS. 594, No. 12, ff. 109-115b.

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f. 109. ffyrst the diocese of Chichester, contayneth the whole onlie shiere of Sussex.

Secondly the diocese ys deuyded into two Archedeconries of Chichester and Lewes.

The Archedecon of Chichester ys Thomas Spenser, Mr of arte, and ys person of hadley in Suffolke where he is nowe residinge. In this Archedeconrie ar fowre Deanes Rurall. The names of them and their deanries ar theis. xpoferer wraye pson of Estwyghtrings dean of Boxgrava. Roger wheler vicar of Cockynge deane of Mydhurste. Nicholas Hyckett person of Pulborow deane of Storington. William Wyllames vicar of Walberton deane of Arundell, whiche deanes haue no Iurisdictiones, but ar chosen euery yere to collecte ordinarie charges or dewties and to execute processes dyrectyd from the Bysshopp. The Archedecon of Lewes ys Edmude weston baccheler of the lawe, and Cannon Residensiarie in the Cathedrall Church of Chichester, and haith theis fower deanes, hereafter mentyoned in his Archedeconrie wythowt Iurisdiction. vitz Iohn Burston person of Saynt Maries westowte deane of Lewes. Cuthberte Lynsey person of Westdean dean of Pevensy Thomas Moulder pson of Iden deane of Dalington. Thomas Staffer, pson of Gestlinge deane of Hastings.

Thirddie I haue full Iurisdiction thorowhowt the whole diocese, sauynge in the Peculier Deanries of Pagham in the Archedeconrye of Chichester, and Southmallinge in the Archedeconrie of Lewes, whiche be exempte vnder my Lorde Archbysshopp of Canterburie, notwythstandynge his grace haith latlie graunted me, thorder of them by Comission to my deputies. Also the dean of Chichester hath certayne pvilegies in the precinct of the Citie and suburbs of the same: howbeit to no derogacon of my Iurisdiction.

Both the archdeacons mentioned had supplanted Marian predecessors, removed for refusal of the Queen's supremacy, and at least one of the rural deans (Nicholas Hyckett) was a shallow conformist, being noted, in common with five other Sussex incumbents, in Parker's *sede vacante* Metropolitan Visitation of 1569,\* as having refused to preach (yet keeping his living) since Elizabeth's accession, though he did so in Mary's time.

Next follows a list of 286 cures and 18 chapels of ease,

\* P.R.O. Dom. Eliz. LX, No. 71.



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arranged in their deaneries and returned as served or unserved by incumbents or curates in each case. Evidence of the clerical upheaval throughout the kingdom (glossed over through bias by all too many writers) may be found in the abnormally high figure of 49 cures and one chapel, including such great churches as Boxgrove, New Shoreham and Winchelsea, declared to be destitute of any minister. The vacancies in the eastern half of the county are considerably more numerous than in the areas nearer the cathedral city.

The document concludes with the promise of the further certificate of the number of households as soon as possible, and is dated from Chichester on July 19th, 1563, and signed by William Barlow, the bishop.

The religious changes were in general unpopular in Sussex, and the bulk of the people continued for a considerable period unmoved in their Popery, only gradually bending before increasing persecution and the rapidly rising tide of Puritanism throughout the kingdom. The return\* made by the bishops in the following year, 1564, to the Privy Council concerning the attitude of the various Justices of the Peace in Sussex towards "religion and godly proceedings" reveal a considerable percentage of malcontents, principally in the western part of the county, who are labelled with such comments as "extremely perverse," "verye superstitious," "wickedly obstinate," and "a stoute scorner of godlines," the two latter appellations referring to gentlemen not actually Justices but prominent as protagonists of local discontent. The bishop's covering letter can testify to outward tranquillity and absence of rebellion, but admits the existence of certain undercurrents

which perhappes myght breake oute into open violence, were yt not for feare of your Lordshippes vigilante Authorite,

again revealing the fact that coercion and not conviction made the Elizabethan Settlement eventually accepted by the populace.

The Metropolitan Visitation of the year following

\* *Camden Miscellany*, Vol. IX, No. 3, pp. 8 seq.



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Bishop Barlow's death in 1568, corroborates the hostility to the new order of things existing even among the local representatives of the Crown :

In the Citie of Chichester fewe of the aldermen be of a good religion, but are vehemently suspected to fauoure the popes doctrine, and yet they be iustices of peace.

The dismal summary of the condition of the whole diocese, after the people had endured ten years of coercion and Homilies in church which were nothing if not violently godly in terms and expression, reports :

Excepte it be aboute Lewys and a litle in Chichester, the whole diocesse of Chichester is very blinde & superstitiouse for want of teachinge and preachers to go abroad amonge them.

This document contains information of great interest regarding the popular attitude to the changes, but space permits but few extracts from many items under the heading of "Disorders in the Diocesse of Chichester Contrary to the Quenes Mats Iniunctions."

Thus, in the cathedral church, some of the prebendaries were laymen, some living far off, and scarcely a sixth of the total able to preach, a lack of expounders of the pure Gospel common to the whole diocese. At Arundel certain altars were yet standing, to the scandal of the godly ; in many places images and other Popish ornaments were kept hidden up ready for Mass again at twenty-four hours' warning, as at Lindfield and Battle, the latter town the most stubborn stronghold of Popery in all Sussex, where the people, nurtured on the past glories of their Abbey, would leave the church in a body whenever a preacher spoke against the Pope's doctrine ; ringing of bells all night following All Saints' Day was still common, as before in the blind ignorance and superstition of Popish times ; a certain Father Moses, sometime a friar in Chichester, was much suspected in religion, and among other evil practices had, in certain gentlemen's houses, maintained the Popish Purgatory and the praying to dead Saints ; while many people prayed in church on Popish Latin primers in the time of the Lessons and Litany,

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and some women and old folk used beads in church, the Archbishop's commissary having confiscated all the beads he could lay hands on, though he knows they have more at home!

The small diocese of Rochester, comprising about one-third of Kent, was at this period, and for centuries afterwards, honeycombed with parishes under the jurisdiction of its great neighbour, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Unlike the Chichester peculiars, their state in 1563 is recorded in a separate document\* apparently forwarded to London independently of the Bishop of Rochester, who transmits the information relative to the remaining part of the diocese directly subject to his authority. These Canterbury peculiars formed the Deanery of Shoreham. Twenty-seven churches and six chapels are reported upon in this deanery, the latter italicized: Gillingham, Grain, Sevenoaks, Wrotham with *Stansted*, East Peckham, Eynsford, Farningham, East Malling, Orpington with *St. Mary Cray*, *Downe* and *Knockholt*, Crayford alias Yard (or Eard), Brasted, Hever, Penshurst, Darenth with *Helles*, Bexley, Ightham, Chevening, Sundridge, Northfleet, Halsted, Hunton alias Huntington, Chiddingstone, Meopham, Hayes, Keston, Woodland, Shoreham with *Otford*. Only the last three and Helles chapel are returned as unserved, evidencing the comparative care and efficiency of Parker's rule compared to the state of affairs in Sussex. The parson of Orpington, Sir Maurice Climocke,† is "not resident and is beyond the seas." This return is interesting for giving the names of every incumbent or curate, whether resident or not, and noting to whom the rectories or parsonages belong, the Queen's Majesty holding Northfleet and East Malling, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, East Peckham, Farningham and Meopham, those of Rochester the church of Darenth, and those of Westminster, Shoreham and Otford chapel. Cliffe-at-Hoo is noted as a peculiar living in the other Rochester document.

\* Lansdowne MS. 7, No. 10, July, 1563.

† First Rector of the English College in Rome.

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*Lansdowne MS. 6, No. 57*, comprises the return for the non-peculiar part of Rochester diocese. In his preamble the Bishop, Edmund Ghest, also Archdeacon of Canterbury and Queen's Almoner, states that he has given instructions to the officers having jurisdiction over the exempted churches to certify upon them either to him or directly to the Privy Council, but in any case to supply him with the number of their households. Like his brother at Chichester, Ghest does not wait for the latter before reporting upon the other four heads required of him. His replies are :

I. The diocese of Rochester is no shyre but A part of the shyre of Kent.

II. The regyment of the dioces of Rochester belongeth to the bisshopp onely, And the Archdeacon hath no iurisdiction, but onely then when he visiteth, Ther is but one Archdeacon in the dioces of Rochester, Namely the Archdeacon of Rochester, And his name is Iohn Bridgwater\* and wateth ordinarily of my L Robart Dudley.

III. The Deanerye of Shorham, and the parsonage of Cleve, M<sup>r</sup> D weston Deane of the Arches, exercyseth the iurisdiction of Shorham vnder my L of Canturberie, And the Bishopp of Rochester as parson of Cleve hath the iurisdiction therof.

IV. Ther be fourscore and a leauen parishe churches the names of the which be thees.

(a) *Served by their parsons* : High Halstow, Snodland, Cuxton, Woldham, Gravesend, Fawkham, Ash, Ridley, Hartley, Luddesdown, Kingsdown, Hoo St. Mary, Trottescliffe, Ditton, Allington, Offham, Mereworth, Nettlested, Speldhurst, Ashurst, Cowden, Bidborough, North Cray, Paul's Cray, Foots Cray, Woolwich, Charlton, Chelsfield, Beckenham.

(b) *Served by their vicars* : Rochester St. Nicholas, Rochester St. Margaret, Halling, Burham, Aylesford, Shorne, Stoke, Hoo St. Werburgh, Allhallows Hoo, Higham, Ryarsh, West Farleigh, Wateringbury, West Peckham, Yalding, Tonbridge, Hadlow, Leigh, Westerham, Kemsing, Pembury, Lamberhurst, Brenchley,

\* Cf. *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, VI, 324-5. Collated to this archdeaconry Feb. 5, 1559-60, and holding much other preferment, including the rectorship of Lincoln College, Oxford, his Catholic scruples at length prevailed, and he retired to Douay in 1574, remaining abroad the rest of his life and engaging in polemics on behalf of the old religion.

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Teston, Horton Kirby, Bromley, Plumsted, Cudham, Eltham, Sutton-at-Hone, Lewisham, Deptford, Greenwich, Chatham.

(c) *Having parsons but served by curates*: Stone, Southfleet, Swanscombe, Milton (by Gravesend), Cooling, Leybourne, Horsmonden, Lee, Chislehurst.

(d) *Vicarages served by curates*: Frindsbury, Dartford.

(e) *Vicarages served by readers*: Wilmington, Strood.

(f) Nursted and Longfield, with this note: "Haue a parson and serued by readers the parsonages be smale and the parson blynde."

(g) *Vicarages vacant but served by curates*: West Malling, Erith.

(h) *Having parsons but not served at all*: Padlesworth, Maplescombe, Lullingsteane, West Wickham (the latter apparently by this period the only one with its church unruined).

(i) *Vacant and unserved parsonages*: Barming, Ruxley, Lullingstone, Addington.

(k) *Vacant and unserved vicarages*: Chalk, Birling, Tudeley.

(l) The chapels of Edenbridge in Westerham, and Seal in Kemsing are stated to possess curates; Barmingjet, or West Barming, in Nettlested is unspecified; and Farnborough in Chelsfield, these latter "serued by their parsons (*sic*) alternis vicibus and in the meane tyme with readares."

Groups (b), (i) and (k), therefore, represent unserved cures, the latter two without even a neglectful minister.

On turning to the consideration of the return for Rochester's greater neighbour, the Metropolitan See of Canterbury, we are brought into contact with its renowned Elizabethan occupant, Matthew Parker. Parker is beyond all question the outstanding ecclesiastical figure for many years to come, and may be reckoned one of the few creditable members to be found upon the bench of State bishops for the rest of the century. Whether in learning, piety, moderation, or ability, Elizabeth's choice for the Primacy far surpassed the colleagues whom he consecrated. It is to his credit that the Archbishop, though efficiently zealous for the maintenance of the new order of things and the complete extirpation of Popery in England, exhibited none of that fawning and obsequious adulation towards the Privy Council which is so characteristic of the other bishops,

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and the preamble of the 1563 return which he compiled for his diocese evidences more than that of the others a certain feeling of dignity fitting to his high position. Yet imbued as was Parker with a reverence for the past and a resolution to live up to his state, he himself was anxious to make clear that there had been what he considered a necessary break with the old Papal régime of doctrine and practice, and for an interesting specimen of his attitude upon this question we may refer to the following extract culled from a little book\* preserved in the British Museum, printed in 1574 (the year before his death) by certain Puritans who were his enemies, as an English translation of a MS., entitled *Historiola*, written in Latin about 1569 under the Archbishop's own direction at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which he had been sometime Master, its principal theme being that of his own life history. The translation is embellished with strong marginal comments and the addition of a chapter maligning the Archbishop and his insufficient Protestantism (pp. 19-20):

But amongst thinges whiche happened vnto him in his life worthi off memorye, I reioyce especially for this his felicitie, that wheras after Augustine the fyrste Archbishoppe, he was the seuentith, yet he was both the firste, and only man, that attayned onto tharchbishoplike dignitie with out any blemishe or spott off olde wiues superstitions and vnprofytable cerimonies off the Romishe Pope. For as euery one off them entred firste herunto by bulls off approbation sent from the Pope: so he was consecrated nether with these, nor any other olde and idell ceremonies off Aarons ornametes, nether with gloues, nor sandales, nor slippers, nor miter, nor pall, but more chastely and religiously, according to the puritie off the gospelle, fowre bishoppes beinge appointed accordinge to a lawe made in that behalfe whyche placed him in his chaire with so godly promisses protested by him, as it is meete shoulde of a gospellike pastor.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that, moderate and sensible though he was, my Lord's Grace was pained by the Queen's partiality to the altar, crucifix and lights in her chapel, which he vainly endeavoured to have removed.

\* Pressmark: c. 21 a. 36 (1).

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The Canterbury return\* opens as follows :

THE CERTIFICAT OF THE mooste  
Reuerende ffather in god MATTHUE  
Archebisshop of Caunterbury, touching  
the nombre and state of the churches  
parrishes and hamlects w'in his dioces  
of Caunterbury according to the lres  
missiue of the Lordes of the Quenes  
Ma<sup>tes</sup> mooste honorable preuye  
Counsail to hym in that behaulfe  
directed, bearing date the ixth day of  
Iuly : Anno dni 1563.

INPRIMIS the diocesse of  
Caunterburie extendythe to a parte of  
the Countie of kente only and to none  
other shere or Countie. }

ITM ther is in the said diocesse onely  
one Archedeacon by the name of Arche-  
deacon of Caunterburie who is at this  
present Edmonde Geste Bisshopp of  
Rochester the Quenes maiesties Almor. }

ITM the said diocesse is devided into  
xj. deanries }

VIZ

Canterbury, Westbere, Bridge, Sandwich, Dover, Elham,  
Lympne, Charing, Sutton, Sittingbourne, Ospringe.

There is no parte of the diocesse  
exempte from the Archebisshopp  
of Caunterburie but the said  
Archebisshopp hathe the hole  
and plenarie Iurisdiction ordinarie  
throughowt all his said diocesse. }

ITM the numbre of the Churches  
and Chappells of everie deanrie  
aforesaid withe the states and qualities  
therof ar herevnder wrytten. }

The information is less interesting than the foregoing  
documents in not specifying what livings were vacant,

\* Harley MS. 594, No. 8, f. 63-84, July, 1563.

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save in a few isolated cases. It may well be that the greater efficiency of Parker's wise rule had reduced the number of vacancies\* as against the case of the Chichester diocese.

A total of 276 churches is returned for the whole diocese, comprising approximately Kent, east of the Medway, with 10,948 households. The division of the churches of each Deanery, as served by parsons, vicars and curates, is of some interest :

			<i>Parsons.</i>	<i>Vicars.</i>	<i>Curates.</i>
Canterbury	...	...	14	10	1
Elham	...	...	7	5	4
Bridge	...	...	13	8	10
Charing	...	...	13	10	—
Sutton	...	...	5	10	10
Sittingbourne	...	...	5	14	5
Ospringe	...	...	8	14	3
Lympne	...	...	14	11	11
Westbere	...	...	3	9	3
Sandwich	...	...	12	6	8
Dover	...	...	3	11	7

The household returns are valuable. It is difficult not to suspect clerical over-statement in the case of the village of Herne (the mother of the modern Herne Bay), credited with 210, as against townships like Sandwich with 200, Dover with 140, and Sittingbourne with only 70. Canterbury has easily the largest total—700 among its sixteen parishes. Many changes have ensued since the sixteenth century, as in the case of Margate, St. Laurence in Thanet (the mother church of Ramsgate), Folkestone and Ashford, the townships having in most cases long since outgrown having their needs supplied by a single church.

The eleven deaneries of the diocese of Canterbury are allotted the following number of households : Canterbury 870, Elham 493, Bridge 1,135, Charing 2,286, Sutton 1,474, Sittingbourne 783, Ospringe 934, Lympne

\* He had held ordinations on a very large scale during 1560 and 1561, thus providing for service a great body of men, however ignorant, to fill the places of recusant priests.



## Local Records of the

1,094, Westbere 737, Sandwich 591, Dover 551; total, 10,948. Bridge, Charing, and Lympne have, in modern times, been divided each into two parts. The most populous parishes are Maidstone, Faversham and Cranbrook, each with 300 households; Herne with 210; Tenterden, Goudhurst, and Benenden with 200; Biddenden with 160; and Lydd with 150. The totals eventually dwindle down to those of such places as Badlesmere with 6, Ham with 5, and Milton outside Canterbury with one! The deanery of Charing, chiefly comprising a large portion of the Weald of Kent, is noticeably the most populous, a fact corroborated by the Visitation of 1569; here were the large cloth-working towns and villages and the thickly strewn homesteads in their parishes, not a few of which still delight the eye with their black-and-white patchwork, and to-day may be seen the past prosperity of these places reflected in the great and fine fabrics, altered, enlarged and rebuilt in the later Middle Ages, of such churches as Cranbrook, Tenterden, Headcorn, Goudhurst, Biddenden, and Smarden. In striking contrast to these, reminiscent of East Anglia, are the small and plain unaltered Saxon and Norman fabrics to be found on the bleak uplands round Dover (as Padlesworth, Guston and Whitfield) in the sparsely inhabited deaneries of Elham, Dover, and Sandwich.

A Latin document,\* compiled about 1565, is extant, giving particulars of vacant livings in various English dioceses, but it is silent concerning Sussex. Rochester returns four vacancies, mostly corroborating the 1563 return, of varying standing, Erith having been in this state for twenty-two years past. To Canterbury are allotted thirty, again varying in length of vacancy, the Queen (as in those belonging to Rochester) and Archbishop being patrons of many of them, most possessing curates, however. The usual cause assigned for the vacancy is the poorness of the stipend, *propter exilitatem fructuum*.

The returns of the Justices of the Peace in 1564 have

\* P.R.O. Dom. Eliz., Add. XII, No. 108, pp. 289 *seq.*

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been mentioned for Sussex. Parker certifies those for the whole of Kent,\* and sends up forty-five names to the Privy Council with a restrained covering letter, the whole a bare total with no attempt at supplying them with his opinions of each man's godliness, as does Bishop Barlow of Chichester.

The minute Metropolitan Visitation of 1569, affording information upon the Archbishop's provincial jurisdiction, his peculiars, and the vacant see of Chichester has already been referred to under that diocese. We learn from it that Parker had daily prayers in his chapel (probably that at Lambeth) and quarterly communions, to which neither Dr. Thirlby (deprived of the see of Ely) nor Dr. Boxall (deprived of the deanery of Windsor), both detained as Parker's guests for their constancy to Catholicism, nor even their servants, would come. The Visitation also contains important statistics of the diocese of Canterbury. Eleven livings are noted as vacant, only two without curates. Defaulters number 113, persons not communicating for a year past, 112.

The high percentage of communicants is striking, again evidencing the Archbishop's efficient rule in his diocese. Particulars follow of nine recusants of both sexes and varying stations, all excommunicated for persistent refusal to attend the new services and to receive the communion in their parish churches, eight specifically stated to have not communicated since the Queen's accession, the ninth excommunicated for two years past for non-appearance at church. The town of Wye, like Battle in Sussex, is stated to be a stronghold of partisans of the old religion.

As late as 1577, when the Government again required particulars of persons in every diocese obstinate in religion, names may be found for Kent and Sussex of the more affluent Catholics. The diocese of Chichester† returns 22, Rochester‡ 7, and Canterbury§ 24.

\* *Camden Miscellany*, Vol. IX, No. 3, pp. 57 seq.

† P.R.O. Dom. Eliz. CXVII, No. 15, Oct. 26, 1577.

‡ *Ibid.*, Dom. Eliz. CXVII, No. 2, Oct. 20, 1577.

§ *Ibid.*, Dom. Eliz. CXVII, No. 5 and 5a, Oct. 21, 1577.

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These steadfast adherents to the old faith were by now, however, a dwindling minority in south-eastern England, owing to the growth of Puritanism near to London and the Continent, and to the increasing severity of laws of repression. In the latter years of his archiepiscopate Parker experienced much more trouble in his diocese from Puritans than from Papists, and a like state of things obtained in Sussex also. Kent became more and more infected with advanced Protestantism, and became one of the areas most hostile to the tactless rule of Laud in the succeeding century. The inhabitants of Kent were among the prime movers of the petition to the Commons in 1641 for the abolition of Episcopacy, the recent tyranny of which they had felt to the full with Laud's throne in their midst ; and half-foreignized as they were by the leaven of Continental Protestant refugees settled among them at Sandwich, Canterbury, Maidstone, Cranbrook and elsewhere, few can have rejoiced more heartily than they when their ill-fated Archbishop met his tragic end upon the block in 1645.

V. J. B. TORR.

# MEMORIES OF LADY GILBERT

LADY GILBERT, better known in literature by her maiden name of Rosa Mulholland, belonged to a school of writers that ended with Victoria and the Victorian tradition of Good Women. Her work was as blameless as Miss Yonge's, without any suggestion of the priggishness that belonged to imaginative work influenced by the High Anglicanism of Victorian days. A daughter of Ulster, she belonged to a family which was to distinguish itself in several ways. Her sister, Ellen, married Charles Russell, later to be Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chief Justice of England. It can be said of Lady Russell that she was a right fitting mate for the remarkable man she married. Indeed, one often wondered how two such dominant characters could have come together and lived in so perfect a union. There again, perhaps, the Victorian woman with her strong sense of duty came in, and was willing to subordinate her judgment to the dominance of the man. Russells and Mulhollands alike had the sturdiness, the energy, of the North. The Russells, a Newry family, had perhaps less of the militant spirit than the Mulhollands, who were of Belfast, where every Catholic's house used to be his castle, a very strongly fortified one, with the enemy always battering at the walls. Lord Russell of Killowen was a man of the world and a very human person, on the turf and off. While the inner man was a devout and never doubting Catholic, the outer man was tolerant, with the tolerance which always belongs to bigness as well as to sanctity. Lady Russell, one imagines, would never have been a woman of the world in the sense that her husband was a man of the world. She would have planted a quick-set hedge against the world, fearing, as her sister did, the evil and glittering world of Christina Rossetti's poem. She would have resented the description as applied to her husband. Through the dignities and responsibilities of

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her ideal married life to which she rose fittingly she carried the aloof soul of the Ulster Catholic to the end.

Lord Russell's brother, Father Matthew Russell, who was as sweet-tempered as St. Francis de Sales, with an interesting, engaging touch of worldly wisdom like that delightful saint's, had a very high opinion of the literary gift which Ellen Mulholland loyally refrained from as the wife of one of the great men of affairs of his day. He loved Rosa's work and was never tired of praising it, but I have heard him say that Ellen Russell gave up a greater gift when she devoted herself to the many duties and observances which must fall to the helpmate of her husband. The sisters spoke with a pleasant touch of the Ulster accent. In looks they carried the dark rose of the North. There was something downright about them. They would have spoken their minds in any circumstances where they thought it right to speak, and would have been unaware of difficulty. They did not know what compromise or temporizing meant. Lord Russell was so terribly uncompromising that one often wondered how the somewhat easy-going society to which he was welcomed accepted it. There was not one of the family, I believe, who would have shirked saying anything unpleasant if he felt it ought to be said, although Father Russell had so attained the suavity of the Saints that even his admonitions must be silken. I remember Rosa rebuking a girl who had incautiously said "Great Scot!" in her presence. "You mean 'Great God!'" she said, "and I had much rather you said it."

I can remember Lady Russell in the Lady League days, when some new form of coercion had been introduced, saying to an amazed circle of ladies in her drawing-room in Harley Street, "But what is to become of the poor Moonlighters now?" For the sturdiness of the North kept the spirit of Nationalism very much alive in the Russells and Mulhollands. Their homes and their preferment might be in England, but they were always Irish and proud to be Irish—they were almost aggressively Irish and Catholic. Rosa was the one of the three sisters

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who touched least with England. Her sister Clara, also a writer, made her home with the Russells; but this Rosa could not be persuaded to do. There were things to keep her in Dublin, beyond her real and ardent patriotism. When I knew her first she was happy in an ideal friendship—closer, I think, than any other friendship between women I have ever known except one—with Sarah Atkinson, the scholarly and accomplished Irishwoman who wrote, as a Preface of her *Life of Mary Aikenhead*, an historical essay which attracted the warm praise of Mr. Lecky. Mrs. Atkinson lived in a big roomy old house on Drumcondra Hill, the windows of which overlooked Dublin and its beautiful bay. It was on the edge of the country, and its garden, although it was but a terrace-house, was a bit of country garden, with fruit trees and flowers and harbourage for thrushes and blackbirds. That house, as I remember it in my girlhood, was almost supernaturally light and bright. There was something conventional in its atmosphere. The Crucifix stood up among its books and flowers, its pictures, its many mementoes of foreign travel. In those far-away 'eighties there still lingered among Irish Catholics of that class some memory, some touch from the Penal Days. In Dublin still, religion was a social question. The "right people" were Protestants. All office and preferment were for the Protestants, and the cultivated and refined Catholics, such as the Atkinsons, lived as it were in a cloistered atmosphere. Dr. Atkinson was associated with O'Connell and Catholic Emancipation. He was a dear little rosy old man, whom I can always see reading seated by the window in the back drawing-room, surrounded by books, while his wife worked in the front with open doors between. He read all the reviews and the magazines worth reading then. The whole atmosphere was bookish. There came visitors from Oxford and Cambridge as from Trinity College. A little society of the elect, musicians, writers, learned persons, artists, used to meet over that hospitable dinner-table. They were not at all necessarily Catholics. But somehow, looking back on it, it might

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have been a Catholic household in the days before the ban was removed. Among Mrs. Atkinson's close friends were Madame Bodichon and Madame Belloc. Through these she was in touch with George Eliot, and when Rosa went to London she visited the Lewes household. One rather wonders at such an acceptance of the situation as that visit involved, only because she was so uncompromising. I think she went only once to see the woman who towered above writers in those days and no more. Mrs. Atkinson, I think, wished that this daughter-friend should live under her roof, but the odd vein of independence in Rosa perhaps forbade it.

I can remember when I used to go to see Rosa Mulholland at her rooms near the Jesuit Church, in Gardiner Street, Dublin. Those were great days for me, since I, a girl beginning to write, imitated in my devotion to Rosa, her devotion to Mrs. Atkinson. She was living in a relative's house, but we always had tea and the good, sweet talk in her own room overlooking the back gardens and lower roofs of the surrounding streets. It could not have been always spring, but my memory is of a window-box full of narcissi, all blown in an April wind. Her talk was on a very high level, and I think of those visits as full of a clean, sweet, austere happiness. After tea we used to walk in the green lanes around Clontarf and come back again to Mrs. Atkinson's house. Rosa's signal at the door was three short taps with her knuckles, whereupon she was immediately admitted. One always felt that her heart ran before that signal. Rosa was more than nun-like in those days. It must have been sometime in the mid-'eighties that we made an expedition, wonderful for her, to inspect "New Tipperary," that calamitous counterblast, or attempted counterblast, to Mr. Smith Barry. She would not even dine in the coffee-room of the hotel at Limerick Junction, and we had our dinners in her bedroom upstairs, where she had already set up her picture and lamp of the Sacred Heart. But that was only the first evening. The friendly priests saw to it after that that we had no more hotel dinners.



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I loved an expedition with her despite such strait environments, because I loved to be with her ; but these things came to an end with her marriage to Sir John Gilbert. I do not know what age she was when she married Sir John Gilbert. I only know that she was always a girl, a tall dark rose-like girl, with just a touch of wholesome weather about her rose. She had a beautiful figure and she had the wit to clothe herself in beautifully cut tailor-mades. She was incurably romantic, as only a Victorian woman could be. I am sure she died a romantic girl. She married when she was well past her first youth, but no bride was ever more rapturously happy. Sir John Gilbert was a distinguished scholar and historian. I am sure he gave her a heart as untouched as her own. He brought her after their marriage to a dream-house, a house which, when I saw it, had looked at me, I was certain, again and again, from between the pages of her fragrant young stories. It was exquisite with its up-and-down rooms, its long corridors, its sudden little staircases, its gardens and lawns, its Dark Walk, and singing stream, its mountain, which disappeared with summer and the leafage, to come again when autumn stripped the tree. The low, dim rooms were full of beautiful things. It was the very nest and home her heart had dreamt of. She had some six or seven years of happy married life before the end came with poignant suddenness. Her letters of those years were songs of thanksgiving. She had attained her romance, and there was no flaw in it. Afterwards—she was done with life. She went on in the beautiful little house, and all the exquisite surroundings, dreaming of reunion, but her share of earthly joy had gone for ever. Mrs. Atkinson had died in 1893, and Rosa's husband soon followed her. Death made a heavy toll of those dear to her before she herself was called. When at last she went there were few who would have kept her or could have made her going unwilling.

Her literary gift was always a young gift. She wrote as a girl those stories which so pleased Charles Dickens that he housed them in *All the Year Round*—*Hester's*

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*History* and *The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil*. To the same date belonged the fresh short stories of which several volumes were published. *The Haunted Organist of Hurly-Burly* might well, I think, find its place in any anthology of the kind. All belonged to the school of *Cranford*. The girls in them were the dear, delicate, exquisite creatures of the later Eighteenth Century and the first half of the Nineteenth. She was always a poet and she saw life with the eyes of the poet. In her more mature years she attained to greater maturity with *Marcella Grace* and some other Irish stories, but she always wrote as a grown-up girl seeing life as she wished it to be rather than as it is, averting her eyes from the things that shocked and grieved her, so that, like Miss Thackeray's, her great achievements ought to have been in her stories for girls.

At one time Rosa had thought to become an artist, and her selection of Ruth Millais as a pen-name brought her the proffered friendship and teaching of Sir John Millais. But there again the quick-set hedge was too thick, though I think she looked over it longingly. Her mother would never have heard of such a thing as Rosa among the studios, and she was a dutifully obedient daughter. So her artistry of that sort went into her beautiful writing, her descriptions of Irish boys and skies and mountains and seas.

She published two or three volumes of poetry, besides her long list of novels and girls' books. It might be said of her work that God never was forgotten in it. Hers was a delicate, lofty, scrupulous Christian soul. She was loyal to her religion, her country, and her friends. One is quite sure for her that the low door of Death was the entrance to the Inn of Happy Meetings.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

# THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE

**H**OW many people believe the Bible is inspired? How many hold that it is absolutely truthful? Talk to men thus and they retort with glib allusions to Josue and the sun or to the dial of Achaz. "The only art we all claim to possess is that of interpreting Scripture," wrote St. Jerome,\* and his words are as true to-day as ever.

It is a truism that the Catholic Church alone preserved the Bible in the past; we fear that it is also a truism that She alone preserves any consistent teaching in the present. Two great Encyclicals have in recent years drawn attention to its inspiration and veracity: the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* (1893), and now that on the fifteenth centenary of St. Jerome (1920), *Spiritus Paracletus*.

Truth is One and if the Fathers and the Church they represented have ever taught the truth about the Bible that truth must abide unchangeable. Criticism and discoveries can only serve to confirm, not to change, the ancient landmarks. The Fathers of the Church held with a consistency which is in itself an argument for its truth (a) that the Bible was inspired; (b) that it was therefore absolutely truthful; (c) that for its interpretation we depend wholly upon the Church founded by Jesus Christ. As it would be impossible to deal in any satisfactory manner with all the Fathers, we will confine ourselves to the two greatest Biblical scholars among the Fathers: Origen and St. Jerome; the one a Greek, the other a Latin; the former dying in A.D. 254, the latter in A.D. 420.

Origen's vocabulary should be noticed. For him Scripture is "God-breathed"†; the Divine action on the inspired writers "deifies" them,‡ they speak "from God"§; Daniel's judgment of the two elders is due to a Divine *afflatus*, in other words *inspiratio*||; it is also an

\* *Ep.* LIII, 7. † *Tom.* X, 23, in *Joann.* ‡ *Contra Celsum*, IV, 95.

§ *Ibid.* III, 4, 45°. || *Ad Africanum*, II, p. 25.

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"illumination" whereby the "Prophets and Apostles are rendered ministers of truth"\*; this illumination is due to the "indwelling Holy Spirit"; to quote but one passage out of many: "The pure souls of the Prophets who shrank from no toil in their pursuit of virtue were driven by the indwelling Holy Spirit to announce things, now to their contemporaries, now to posterity, and more especially touching the future Coming of the Saviour of mankind."† This, he insists, is the teaching accepted by the Jews themselves:

Do not try to discover a lie, O Jew, in these things (that is, when Christ declared that He saw the heavens opened). You believe not only that these things were shown to the Prophets, but also that Christ Himself was inspired by the same Holy Spirit not only to say these things but to have them committed to writing.‡

Nor does Origen shrink from the inevitable inference that the inspired narratives are therefore absolutely true:

While the historical truth remains as the foundation yet its spiritual significance must be acknowledged . . . it is also certain that those things actually took place which are given in the history. Common sense demands that we should thus understand Scripture.§

Yet Origen sets forth amazing views: that certain things in the Gospels are unhistorical,|| that the history is adapted,¶ that it contains impossibilities,\*\* things that never took place,†† or that, at any rate, are not "literally true"‡‡; other things he allows are perfectly historical, indeed, these latter are, he concedes, more numerous than the things that are only allegorical.§§ How are we to explain such apparent contradictions? That Origen himself realized the difficulty is clear from the opening sections of the Tenth Book of his *Commentary on St. John*, where he elaborates the discrepancies between the accounts given by the Synoptics and by St. John of the beginnings of Christ's public ministry:

\* *De Principiis*, IV, 14. † *Contra Celsum*, III, 3 and 83; IV, 7, 8, 17, 55.  
‡ *Contra Celsum*, I, 43; II, 9; IV, 55. § *Fragmenta in Ep. ad Galatas*.  
|| *De Principiis*, IV, 15, 16. ¶ *Ibid.* \*\* *Ibid.* 17. †† *Ibid.* ‡‡ *Ibid.* 19. §§ *Ibid.*

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The truth here must lie (he says) in what the mind can discern, for unless the absence of agreement can be explained we should have to give up our belief in the Gospels and deny that they really were written by the Holy Spirit and are truly Divine and most orderly commentaries; yet both these latter statements are predicated of the Scripture.\*

So, too, when he is perplexed by St. John's statements about Christ's movements to and from Cana of Galilee he says, "Yet the Evangelist understands what he is saying; he has no doubt about what he lays down!"†

Origen's own escape from the difficulty lay in the notion that "precisely as man is composed of body, soul and spirit, so, too, is it with Scripture which by God's dispensation is given us for man's salvation."‡ He proceeds to elaborate this threefold meaning of Scripture§ and concludes: "We have then to show how the Spirit, by Divine Providence, through the Word which was in the Beginning with God, illumined the Prophets and Apostles that so they might become ministers of truth."|| The truth then was relative; it was always there, but only deep study could avail to show whether it was material or lay in the spiritual significance of a passage.¶ The dangerous character of such teaching is apparent, for the disciple if not for the master. Yet we should not be justified in concluding that Origen himself held that any portion of Scripture lacked historical truth; for while certain expressions in his ill-fated *De Principiis* point that way, the fact remains that Origen himself never tires of insisting on the absolute truthfulness of the Bible. "Scripture," he says, "often makes use of true history in order to point out things of greater moment,"\*\* and again:

The history is written in order that it may be explained allegorically; and this is a most prudent arrangement since it provides food for the more simple folk and at the same time also for the few who are able to see deeper into things.††

Now though Origen nowhere discusses the exact nature

\* Tom. X, 2, in Joann.

† Tom. XIII, 53, in Joann.

‡ *De Principiis*, IV, 11. § *Ibid.* 12-13. || *Ibid.* 14. ¶ *Ibid.* 9.

\*\* *Contra Celsum*, IV, 44: cf. III, 45.

†† *Ibid.* 49.

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of inspiration, he affords many hints of the working of his own mind. "The Jews themselves believe," he says, "that it is God Who makes use of the body and soul of the Prophet as an instrument"; it is also significant that he speaks of the Divine action as involving an "illumination" of the Prophet's mind.\*

The dependence of Origen on the Church's *Regula fidei* will come as a surprise:

Since there are many who think that they hold the things that are Christ's, and yet at the same time there are others who hold opinions which differ from theirs, we have to hold to the Church doctrine handed down through Apostolic succession and abiding in the Church until this present day; that alone is to be believed as truth which in nought differs from Ecclesiastical and Apostolic teaching.†

To sum up: Origen holds that the Scriptures are inspired; to express this character he employs various words indicating their Divine character; as far as the writers themselves are concerned they are filled with the Holy Spirit, they are His "instrument" and the Holy Spirit's inspiring action demands an illumination of the Prophet's mind. The consequence is that for Origen the whole of Scripture is true though its truth is not necessarily apparent to us, nor does that truth necessarily lie in the surface appearance. So profound, then, is the difficulty of grasping the real meaning of Scripture that our only safeguard is to follow the Church's guidance since only God can explain what He Himself wrote.

It will be instructive now to pass to St. Jerome, who had a most minute acquaintance with Origen's writings, who, while vehemently assailing him as a theologian, yet venerated him as the exegete.‡ It would be impossible to exaggerate the pre-eminence St. Jerome assigns to the Bible: "Whatsoever is said in Holy Scripture," he says, "is a trumpet threatening us; with a mighty voice it pierces the ears of them that believe."§ We seem to

\* *Contra Celsum*, II, 9.

† *De Principiis*, Prol. 2.

‡ "Laudavi interpreten, non dogmatisten; ingenium, non fidem; Philosophum, non Apostolum."—*Ep.* LXXXIV, 2.

§ In Amos iii, 8; *P.L.* XXV, 1016.

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detect an echo, too, of Origen in "Christ it is Who breaks the seals of the Book, not strictly speaking the single book of David's Psalter, but all the Scriptures which are written by the One Holy Spirit and are, therefore, rightly called one Book."\* In harmony with this: "We are then bidden to accord a like veneration to either 'instrument,' both the Old and the New."† And—since the Bible is written by the Spirit of God—"I am not so positively dense as to imagine that any item in the Lord's words requires correction or is not Divinely inspired."‡

Nor does St. Jerome hesitate to say "Many things are said in Scripture which sound incredible and yet are true."§

Particularly should we note the express declaration that:

Some folk declare that either the Epistle (to Philemon) is not St. Paul's, or, that if it is his, yet since it contains nothing that makes for edification, it has consequently been repudiated by many of those who have gone before us on the ground that it is merely a commendatory letter and does not afford any teaching. Whereas, on the contrary, those who maintain its genuine character urge that it would never have been received by all the Churches throughout the world unless it were believed to be St. Paul's.||

Apropos of the statement that "the king was saddened" (Matt. xiv. 9), Jerome remarks that:

It is the habit of Scripture for the historian to narrate the opinions of many according as was believed at the time, just as, for instance, Mary calls Joseph the father of Jesus; in the same way is Herod here described as "saddened" because they that sat with him thought that he was so.¶

Similarly on Jer. xxviii. 10:

The Septuagint omitted to term Ananias a "Prophet" lest they should seem to call one a Prophet who was not such; as though there were not many things said in Scripture according to the ideas of the time to which events are to be referred and not in accordance with what the actual truth demanded. Thus in the Gospel, Joseph is spoken of as the "father" of Christ.\*\*

\* In Isaias xxix. 12; P.L. XXIV, 332. † In Eccles. xi; P.L. XXIII, 1101.  
‡ Ep. XXVII, 1. § Ep. LXII, 2. ¶ Prol. to *Comment. on Ep. to Philemon*.

¶ In Matt. xiv. 9.

\*\* In Jer. xxviii. 10; P.L. XXIV, 855.



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Yet with all this he insists on the veracious character of the history:

This (he says on Eccles. ii) is the literal meaning; for we must not let it appear as though we were wholly disregarding the straightforward meaning in our search for hidden spiritual wealth, despising the mere history as poverty stricken.\*

Jerome insists on the necessity of Divine grace for the understanding of the Bible: "I have entered into this question at some length," he says on Dan. xi, "in order to show how difficult the Bible is; it is precisely men who have the least learning who claim to understand it without the grace of God and the traditions of those who have gone before them!"†

He insists on the manifold sense of Scripture wherein, indeed, he follows Origen literally: "We are bidden to understand the oracles of truth, that is Holy Scripture, in three ways: firstly literally, secondly tropologically, thirdly in a more sublime fashion so that we may grasp its mystical significance."‡ Like Origen he bases this threefold interpretation on St. Paul's words to the Thessalonians: "Your whole spirit, soul and body" (1 Thess. v. 23). Jerome follows Origen, too, in the latter's declarations touching the exegete's dependence on the Church: "Nothing satisfies me save what is Ecclesiastical and what we are not afraid to say publicly in church": this is apropos of the difficulties inherent in St. Paul's doctrine on Predestination.§ In the same way he resents dependence on Jewish traditional exegesis: "There are some," he says, "who prefer to follow the Jews rather than the Apostles, as though the Apostles themselves had not deserted the teachings and traditions of the Pharisees and had had recourse to Christ."|| And more pointedly still: "If you take Scripture spiritually then Christ transcends all; if you take it in carnal fashion then the Synagogue understands the Bible better than does the Church."¶

St. Jerome insists that he has never praised Origen's

\* In Eccles. ii; *P.L.* XXV, 1053. † In Dan. xi. 45. ‡ In Ezech. xvi. 31.  
§ *Ep.* CXX, 10. || On Gal. iv. 16. ¶ On Eccles. ii; *cp.* on Amos vi. 6.

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doctrine but only his exegesis\*; in his eyes Origen's doctrine is "unscriptural"†; he is the *fons Arit.*‡ But he asserts that "Origen repented in a letter to Fabian, the Bishop of Rome, for what he had written, and laid the blame on (his patron) Ambrosius, who made public what Origen had written privately."§ Jerome acknowledges that "in my youth I termed him 'a Doctor of the Church,' and he adds that he is "not ashamed of having said so."|| He maintains that "whereas in his other works Origen surpassed everybody else, in his *Homilies* on the Canticles he surpassed himself."¶ But in this same Epistle to which we have so often referred he keeps on repeating that as a theologian Origen erred grievously, yet "*Interdum magnus dormitat Homerus.*"\*\*

How does he treat the notorious *De Principiis* in the Fourth Book of which Origen shows the greatest freedom? The work is "heretical" beyond a doubt††; he condemns it explicitly for eight doctrinal points of which the sixth runs: "He so allegorizes the 'Paradise' (in Gen. i.-iii.) as to destroy the historical truth of the narrative."‡‡

The only scriptural point Jerome alleges against Origen is his excessive allegorizing. Theophilus of Alexandria, who had formerly upheld Origen, suddenly veered round when he discovered the harm his teachings were producing, and his Paschal Letters for A.D. 401 and 402 denounced Origen's various "blasphemies" in uncompromising fashion. Yet he never has a word to say against his Scriptural methods save to remark, as St. Jerome did, "What method, what kind of disputation induced him to destroy the truth of Scripture by shadowy and empty allegories?"§§

No one at that time objected to Origen's allegorizing, it was the "excessive" allegorizing they repudiated. We, of course, feel uneasy at times when reading Origen's repeated declarations that those who will not accept an

\* Ep. LXXXIV, 3.

† Ibid. 3.

‡ Ibid. 4.

§ Ibid. 10.

|| Ep. Ibid. 7.

¶ Ep. Ibid. 7.

\*\* Ibid. 8.

†† Ibid. 8.

‡‡ Adv. Joan. Hieros, 7.

§§ Theophilus of Alexandria, *Epist. Paschalis*, ii, A.D. 402; this is Ep. XCIII, 10 inter Epp. Sti. Hier. P.L. XXII, 799.

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allegorical explanation of certain passages must in effect reject the Divine Authorship of the Bible, since their literal meaning is impossible. If we took such isolated passages alone we should be tempted to think that Origen rejected the historical truth of the Bible. The difference between these two greatest of Biblical scholars seems to be that whereas Origen held in theory that the whole of Scripture was true even in the historical details, yet he was content at times to be satisfied with the profounder truth discoverable in the allegorical meaning, and especially when he found what seemed insuperable difficulties in the literal sense. We might be inclined to urge that this is an illogical position, since the allegorical meaning is only arrived at by the exercise of human and subjective methods, whereas the historical truth is Divine and objective.

We come now to the principle which Origen laid down with such emphasis and yet with the enunciation of which he is rarely credited: for all doctrine and for all exposition of Scripture we are entirely dependent on the Church. Origen could not—like St. Jerome—appeal to the decisions of the Council of Nicæa\*; he died some seventy years before it was convened, but he could appeal to

the teaching of the Church transmitted in orderly succession from the Apostles and remaining in the Churches to the present day . . . that alone is to be accepted as truth which differs in nothing from ecclesiastical and Apostolic tradition.

He could say that on certain points the Apostolic teaching was “of the utmost clearness,” though they left the grounds for their statements unstated; that on other points, e.g., the origin of the soul, “the teaching of the Church is not set out with sufficient clearness”; and finally that “the Scriptures were written by the Spirit of God and have not only that meaning which is apparent at first sight, but another meaning which generally escapes notice.”

\* *Ep. LXXXIV. 4*, where St. Jerome points out that though that Synod did not name Origen yet “*latenter Origenem fontem Arii percusserunt.*”

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Jerome and Origen, then, agree on the veracity of Scripture. Both of them make statements which mean that Scripture is absolutely true. Both of them maintain that there is in Scripture a threefold truth according to St. Paul's threefold division: spirit, soul, and body. But whereas Origen tends at times to see the whole truth of Scripture in the allegorical significance of passages, Jerome holds that the literal truth is the basis of all other meanings. As we have seen, Origen himself seems to make almost as positive a statement to this effect, but it must be confessed that in practice he disregards it. Further, both are in absolute, and we might almost say, unexpected, agreement about the relative positions of the Church and the Bible.

Of Origen it might, perhaps, be said that he was so preoccupied with the part played by the Divinity that he overlooked the human agency. But no one at all familiar with St. Jerome's Commentaries could say that he was not fully alive to the human aspect of each writer; in fact, the real power of his Biblical Commentaries lies in the way in which he brings out the play of human passion, of individuality, of environment and circumstances in each case. He certainly never regarded *Isaias*, for instance, as an automaton. One may question whether Origen could have made such a distinction between the author of the Third Gospel and the author of Acts as that put forward by St. Jerome: "The Gospel Luke wrote according to what he had *heard*; but the Acts he composed according to what he himself had *seen*."\* Did this difference between an ear-witness and an eye-witness demand any different treatment of him by the indwelling Holy Spirit? Does it mean that Luke was more sure of what he saw than of what he heard from others? St. Jerome must have realized that there was a difference, though he never enlightens us on the subject. When, again, he says that some repudiate the Epistle to Philemon on the ground that it was of no value for edification, St. Jerome agrees with those who retort that the

\* *Viris Illustr.*, XI.

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same argument would apply to 2 Timothy and Galatians, wherein the Apostle betrays a certain human weakness, e.g., "the cloak which I left at Troas with Carpus," and "I would that they were even cut off who trouble you" (Gal. v. 12); yet in the Epistle to the Romans as well as in those to other Churches—especially to the Corinthians, many things are said in careless fashion and almost in a conversational style.\*

Clearly Jerome felt no difficulty in reconciling such very human elements with the doctrine that "in the Scriptures God speaks day by day to them that believe,"† or with the statement that even St. Paul's weird compound forms are not to be condemned despite their harshness to Latin ears, since "every word, syllable, jot, tittle or punctuation in the Divine Scriptures is full of significance."‡ The problem is how Jerome could reconcile such concepts. How did he reconcile repeated statements that the Scripture is Truth,§ or that it can never say contradictory things,|| with the statement that when, for example, St. Paul talks of the angelic hierarchies he is either giving us things derived from hidden Hebrew traditions, or that he is realizing that—since the Law is "spiritual"—things written "almost as history," *quasi juxta historiam*, have to be understood in more profound fashion, and that consequently the kings, princes and rulers of Numbers and Kings are but types of the angelic hosts?¶ How, again, could he reconcile his statements about the absolute truth of Scripture with an apparently contradictory statement that "since the history (of Christ's riding simultaneously on the ass and her foal) here presents us with an impossibility or an absurdity we have to discover some deeper meaning"—and he adds that the ass stands for the Synagogue and the colt for the Gentiles.\*\* This last passage is of peculiar interest since St. Jerome is here clearly influenced by Origen who, in his *Commentary on St. John*, points out the absurdity of supposing that Christ rode on both the ass and her colt

\* *Prol. to Commentary on the Epistle to Philemon.*

† *Ep. CXXXIII, 14.*

‡ *On Ephes. iii. 7.*

§ *Ep. XCVI, 12.*

|| *Ep. XVIII, 7; on Matt. v. 27; xxvii. 44.*

¶ *On Ephes. i. 21.*

\*\* *In Matt. xxi. 7; cp. Origen, Tract. xvi. 17 in Matt. and x. 18 in John.*

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at the same time\*; St. Jerome did not feel bound to repudiate the general principles of Biblical exegesis laid down by Origen in the Fourth Book of that work.

There is, however, at least one pronouncement of St. Jerome's which may help us. On Eccles. xii. 11: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened the words of the masters . . . which are given from one shepherd," St. Jerome comments:

Lest it should seem that after the Law of God some rash teacher was suddenly thrusting himself forward and claiming as his own a doctrine which Moses did not set forth as his own so much as something due, first of all, to the wrath of God, and then to His inspiration, he (the author of Ecclesiastes) says that his own words rest not on the authority of an individual but on the harmonious counsel of all the teachers. And further, lest they should be despised as due merely to human wisdom he says that his wisdom is given him by the One Shepherd, that is, that though the teachers may be many, yet the one author of the teaching is the Lord.†

Now though this passage is unique in St. Jerome and he nowhere elaborates the idea that God is the "Author" of the Bible, yet without a shadow of doubt this expression sums up the doctrine scattered throughout his works. It alone explains his constant teaching that the Bible comes from the Holy Spirit and the distinction he draws between the genuine gospels and the apocryphal ones mentioned by St. Luke in his Prologue: the authors of the latter are men who "not having the Spirit and the grace of God have endeavoured rather to tell a tale than to set forth historical truth."‡ St. Jerome points out that as an historian Luke was perfectly free to omit what was not to his purpose§; similarly Jerome is not afraid to say that St. Paul needed the assistance of Titus if he would write good Greek,|| and again, "being a Hebrew of the Hebrews and most skilled in the use of his own verna-

\* *Tom. X, 17 in Joann.*

† In Eccles. xii; *P.L. XXIII, 1114*, (and note how he goes on to expatiate on the absolute "oneness" of Holy Scripture as the result of the principle laid down; *cp.*, too, on Eccles. xi. *ibid.* 1104.)

‡ *Praef. in Comment. in Mattheum.*

§ On Gal. i. 17 and ii. 11.

|| *Ep. CXX, 11.*

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cular he could not express more delicate shades of meaning in a tongue foreign to him."\* What, then, was this "inspiration" by the Holy Spirit? As far as we are aware St. Jerome is silent on the point—he nowhere speaks of it as involving an "illumination" of the writer's judgment, nor does he say that it implies any impulse on the writer's will from on high. But he must have been acquainted with Origen's use of the word "*instrumentum*"† as descriptive of the inspired writer; indeed, when saying that St. Paul needed the assistance of Titus when he would write Greek, he adds that "the Apostle was saddened by the fact that he could not, at the moment, lay his hand on the reed-pipe of his preaching, the 'organ, *organum*,' on which Christ should sing."‡

The difference between the Sacraments as instruments and the inspired writers as instruments is that, whereas the former are inanimate and thus act mechanically, the latter are human beings endowed with free-will, which is God's inalienable gift to human nature, and he uses all things according to their nature. Isaias pens a diplomatist's, a poet's, a courtier's prophecy because God gave him that character with a view to the production of just that work. It was the same with Amos and his ploughman's diction, the same with Luke and his pen-pictures.

It is this doctrine, derived ultimately from Aristotelian philosophy and filtering down through the Fathers, which St. Thomas applies with such exquisite skill when treating of the movements of the human spirit under the influence of the Holy Spirit and also when dealing with the prophetic gifts in general.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

\* On Gal. vi. i.

† *De Principiis*, IV, 14.

‡ *Ep.* CXX, 11.



## THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, 1841-1921

**E**ARLY on April 9th, amid national grief, died William Joseph Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in his eighty-first year. On the 14th all Ireland came to lay him to rest after a half-century's service to God and to two generations of his people in the last home of her great dead—with the defender of Tone; under the shadow of the monument of the Liberator; among the graves of the leaders who had spent themselves for the Motherland.

He had known them all, save one. As a child he had received the blessing of O'Connell. His boyish heart had been with the Young Irelanders and to his old age he never forgot their ideals. The Fenian movement saw him a seminarist, and though he could by no means see eye to eye with its chiefs, he did not share Cardinal Cullen's hostility. The leaders of the subsequent movement had the support of his strenuous manhood. When the Home Rule movement failed, its successor found him to the end ready to give more than a sympathetic trial, to pay tribute to the sacrifice of its martyrs, and to give the benefit of his counsel and experience.

Doubtless, some of the returning mourners recalled the demonstration when the Archbishop arrived from Rome to take possession of his See; a welcome unseen before, unequalled since, which expressed the release of a people from the net flung round them by the Whig remnants of the Pale ascendancy against which Archbishop Croke had been gallantly struggling and their awakening from a nightmare of thirty-six years. His predecessor, Cardinal MacCabe, a truly apostolic priest and efficient Vicar-General, was not fitted, as he sadly confessed himself, for the See of Dublin in troubled days, and Cardinal Cullen never intended him as his assistant, much less as his successor. He honestly aimed at doing what he thought Cullen would have done. On the other hand, his successor, an intimate of Cullen, always main-

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tained that if MacCabe only thought and acted for himself he would have acted rightly, but the unfortunate outcome of his good intention was that he did what Cullen would never have done.

Without his predecessor's ability or personality and knowing nothing of politics, he reverted to Troy and Murray's servile attitude of dependence on the state, instead of continuing Cullen's independence. Cullen's rôle has never been justly appreciated and his policy has been misrepresented. He was a lonely and austere figure with the reformer's task laid on his shoulders. His personality was in strong contrast with Croke's and MacHale's. Absent thirty years from Ireland, he worked with no time-spirit as ally, and his isolation grew marked as the democratic tides, from which he was always averse, mounted and swung past him. Many Irish politicians, like the Greeks, are men of letters as well, and they have perpetuated in the people's mind his frigidity towards them. To-day's generation of Irishmen is better fitted to consider and judge his record in church organization, in education, and his steady repudiation of government interference. They will regard that isolation not without respect. Cullen was an ultramontane Sinn Feiner. He concentrated on Catholic and native effort. Dr. Walsh was convinced that had Cullen lived, he would have been with the Home Rulers. His sympathies were with the poor. Writing to Lord Shrewsbury, Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant, found "rank communism" in his synodical address, "in which he did not stop at condemning the (Queen's) Colleges, but sought to set class against class and to represent every poor man as a martyr and every rich man as a tyrant." But he was no democrat. He put his faith neither in English princes nor in the people. His early Roman experience determined his political vision: a nationalist was a Garibaldian, a democrat, a carbonaro. But he had also watched the English Government subsidize revolt abroad and seen Lord John Russell give recognition to rebels in the Southern States and to Catholics in Poland while attacking both the

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Church and liberty in Ireland. Educated in Rome in a triumphant atmosphere, he brooked no taunt of Catholic inferiority. As Apostolic Delegate, he restored the Catholic Church in Ireland in all its integrity to its rightful position as the Church of a Nation. At Thurles he heralded a new ecclesiastical era and restored Catholic worship and discipline to its normal state. Cutting himself off from all state and social entanglements, he repudiated the Queen's Colleges countenanced by his predecessors, and opened a Catholic University. He measured the ascendancy with steady eyes and noted face of brass and feet of clay. He fiercely and successfully assailed the Protestant Establishment and endeavoured to overthrow or radically alter the national educational system. On the land question he was thoroughly sound, and Dr. Walsh was fond of pointing out how the resolutions of the Irish bishops under Cullen's chairmanship, first decried as extravagant, were one by one adopted by English statesmen.

But there was little of Cullen's intransigence in MacCabe, and less of his pertinacious attack. MacCabe was, unfortunately, under the influence of that Whig society which coloured and crippled the Catholic movement from emancipation days. His advisers were laymen like the O'Hagans, ecclesiastics like Dean Neville and his own reactionary Vicars General. Playing on his devotion to Cullen, they advised him to "do what Cardinal Cullen would have done." But Croke and Walsh, not MacCabe, were the true exponents of Cullen's later policy, and MacCabe's perversion of it wrought dissension among the bishops, confusion in Rome, and at the time of his death a crisis among the people which verged on schism.

The storm over the succession is now well known. The popular President of Maynooth, the tenant's champion, was elected Vicar Capitular by the Chapter by 12 out of 20 votes, and *dignissimus* on the terna by 46 parish priests out of 63. The Irish bishops in Rome made every effort to secure Walsh's appointment, as did Man-

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ning and Vaughan in England. As time ran by without appointment, popular anxiety became tense and indignant when it was learned that the English Government, Irish Whigs and English Catholics were seeking the appointment of Dr. Moran or Dr. Donnelly. Mr. Leslie's biography of Manning publishes all that seems available to expose the Government intrigue, and it remains to elucidate the Archbishop's own attitude and a little known intrigue of an earlier date, throwing new light on Cullen's relations with MacCabe.

The English Government, or at least Spencer and Granville, set to work before MacCabe's death. In June, 1883, his health had compelled him to ask confidentially for a helper.

Propaganda proposed a coadjutor with the right of succession. The Cardinal demurred; such an appointment would involve an election and already, said the Cardinal, names were freely mentioned, "holy and learned, but simply out of harmony with my views and opinions . . . and in a contingency which may arise, I would ask the Holy See to retire and prepare myself for death, which cannot be far from me." Why, asked the Cardinal, could not His Holiness do for him what he had done for Cardinal Cullen? Then for the first time he learned from Dr. Kirby the circumstances of his own appointment—that Cullen, who was in delicate health on the Alban Hills, had never asked for him (or for any assistant) and had neither been consulted or informed of the matter which was arranged by Propaganda. Cullen, who entertained quite other intentions, found himself faced with a *fait accompli* which he accepted in silent displeasure. MacCabe frankly confessed (August, 1883) that this was a revelation and that he would never have accepted the office, owing to his great unfitness, except that he thought it was Cullen's express wish. However, he continued to press for an assistant, with the approval of the Chapter. Propaganda finally gave way and gave him his own choice, Dr. Donnelly, who was consecrated in November, 1883, with the title of Bishop of Canea.

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This appointment coincided with the wishes of the Government's advisers, till they became uneasy and Mr. George Errington, the Government's agent in Curia, who enjoyed as well the confidence of MacCabe, set about procuring the permanent appointment of Dr. Donnelly. Errington induced Abbot Smith, an Irish Benedictine in Rome, to write (January, 1885) to the Cardinal that he ought to have Dr. Donnelly appointed coadjutor with the right of succession, that this would be very pleasing to Mr. Errington and would strengthen his hands generally in Rome, and that he (Smith) had reason to know that the arrangements would be sanctioned by the Holy See. On this the Cardinal called three of his Vicars (Lee, Kennedy, and the late Dean Walsh) and consulted them. They advised him not to make such an application, whereupon the Cardinal wrote so to Smith, but that he would write for Cardinal Simeoni's opinion. That ended the little ruse. Smith at once wired or wrote to MacCabe praying him not to do so as the proposal was a quite unofficial suggestion of his own aided by Errington.

The war of succession took a new phase when *United Ireland* published (May 15th, 1885) Errington's note to Granville, recovered from Errington's blotting-pad with sufficient accuracy to defy denial. Errington's pressure was already overdone and the painful tension was ended on June 23rd, 1885. Leo XIII, doubtless alarmed at the ferment which had spread to the Irish in Great Britain and the United States, had taken the matter out of the hands of Propaganda whose officials were very exposed to British influences. "I stood out strong against them," he proudly told Dr. Walsh on his arrival in Rome.

A letter to Manning expresses Dr. Walsh's view of the situation *sede vacante* (June 9th, 1885). "One thing only is clear; my Presidentship is necessarily at an end; the office is not one that could be held even for a day by anyone on whose career an adverse judgment had been pronounced by the Holy See. Personally, I exult at the prospect of getting back to my theological work." He wrote in the same strain to others, but when vindication

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came with his appointment he was free to explain his feelings more fully. Many of the Irish bishops were of the opinion that they should have some recognized person in Rome to give trustworthy information and to correct mis-statements, if necessary in public. He believed, if he were in such a position, he could do more good than in any diocesan bishopric. He asked the Holy See to consider his suggestion. This is the simple explanation of his letter to Sir Charles Dilke (*Life*, Vol. II, p. 156). Only a non-Catholic like Dilke could think he was aspiring to become "papal Nuncio." He realized he had shortcomings for the pastoral office—he had no missionary experience and his natural bent was elsewhere. For this reason he had declined the See of Melbourne and now (July 6th, 1885) wrote to Cardinal Simeoni explaining his unfitness for the new position. The Holy See thought otherwise, though when he went to Rome he had not yet accepted the nomination. There he was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin on August 2nd, 1885, by Cardinal Moran in the church attached to the Irish College, wherein is enshrined the heart of O'Connell who had blessed him forty years before.

William Walsh was born in Dublin on January 30th, 1841, at 11, Essex Quay, and was the only child of his parents Ralph and Mary Walsh, both of Kerry. There is some reason to believe that not so long ago the family name was known in Irish as Bharain and was incorrectly anglicized as Walsh instead of Warren. His father, a successful watchmaker, was an active figure in parish and ward. He was a devoted admirer of O'Connell and early interested his young son in parochial and political affairs. Indeed, there is still preserved the repeal card enrolling him in his organization when he was but nine months old! A few years later saw him Sunday after Sunday marshalling the parishioners of SS. Michael and John's to sign their names to O'Connell's innumerable petitions and resolutions, and, at a later stage, he became one of the ringleaders of a boys' Young Ireland "club" parading in military array about the neighbouring Castle. A not

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unfriendly policeman ended for ever his military ardour when he was haled before his mother for defying the Castle sentries. Meanwhile, as his Mass server he had won the friendship of Father C. P. Meehan, who lent him books and excited his interest in the Irish Academy antiquities as well as in the literature of Young Ireland. He attended the school of a Mr. Fitzpatrick in Ship Street and in 1856 went to St. Laurence O'Toole's (now the Municipal Art Gallery), then directed by the Quinns of Australian fame. There he first attracted the attention of Cardinal Cullen on prize days by his successes and musical talents. In his quality of sacristan and ceremonialist at the Catholic University Mass he made the acquaintance of Newman, and he used to recall how on his first St. Patrick's Day he innocently laid out green vestments for the great Rector. He had no taste for sports, but under Levi, of the old Theatre Royal, his piano teacher, he directed the choir, and as prefect he would lead the boys, among them Sir William Butler, to the Three Rock Mountain or wind up a long walk at Bray with the stirring chorus of rebel songs. Like Newman, he was a violinist.

Although he had not finished his course at the University, Cardinal Cullen wished him to go to Rome, but the boy's parents pleaded that he should be allowed to remain near them and so he entered the logic class in Maynooth in September, 1858. The Archbishop himself, on a visit to the Irish College in 1905, said that it was a great regret and loss to him that he had not gone to Rome.

He was ordained after his Dunboyne course in 1866, and was appointed professor of theology in the following year. In June, 1878, he became Vice-President and Acting-President on the disablement of Dr. Russell, whom he succeeded in June, 1880. His evidence on the Canon Law at the O'Keeffe *v.* McDonald case (Wicklow Summer Assizes, 1875) spread his reputation and drew praise from bench and bar. The same year he acted as a secretary to the first synod of Maynooth, which accepted without change his draft of more than one chapter of



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its decrees. In 1880 he published *Tractatus de Actibus Humanis*, and in 1884 Louvain included him an honorary graduate on the occasion of its jubilee. His collegiate administration earned for him the confidence and admiration of the bishops, regardless of party. In December, 1884, Dr. Croke proposed through Kirby that Dr. Walsh should accompany the bishops summoned to Rome to assist at their meetings and help to present their views to Propaganda. Dr. Leahy of Dromore, himself a theologian of repute, wrote that he was the only person whose opinion he would take since the death of Cardinal Cullen. We remember that Dr. Murray used to say that the only theologians among the Irish bishops were Cardinal Cullen and Dr. Leahy of Dromore. It is no wonder, then, that the bishops were unanimous in desiring his succession to Dublin, and that they assured both Manning and Kirby, and doubtless Propaganda, that the one man to unite their divided episcopate was Dr. Walsh.

It is not easy nowadays to appreciate the influence of Dr. Walsh in the critical epoch of Irish affairs coinciding with the early years of his episcopate. Among the bishops his influence was predominant, and in their Standing Committee it was supreme. The Primate's illness left him Acting-Chairman of their meetings, and within a few months his tact and statesmanship had united an episcopate hitherto divided behind Croke and MacCabe on the Irish party's policy. Matters were entrusted largely to his guidance and he became the spokesman of the Irish bishops. He rectified and supplemented Cullen's policy by a democratic sympathy as strong as Croke's, but controlled by his own unflinching tact and moderation. Croke could answer Kirby's paternal and restraining counsels: "Dr. Walsh is the man in the gap. I am as quiet as a lamb."

While counselling moderation and condemning with the leaders the excesses in certain districts, he threw all his influence and that of the Church into the political movement and warmly defended its leaders. One may look in vain for his or Croke's name in some of the histories

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of the Parnell movement, but few will deny that without their support the movement would ever have secured the invaluable support of the parochial clergy, and that its success might have been long postponed.

For years his reputation as an educationist had been established. He kept himself well in touch with the latest methods of instruction in special subjects and with such systems as those devised for the blind and deaf and dumb. He joined the Senate of the Royal University in April, 1883, but resigned with Cardinal MacCabe when the Senate rejected an important motion proposed by the Cardinal on behalf of the Irish bishops. As Commissioner of Primary (1895-1901) and Intermediate (1892-1909) education he was prominent in promoting many educational reforms, though towards the end he confessed inability to follow what was to be gained by all the theories of the later experts. His organization of the Catholic headmasters in 1878 to participate in the Intermediate system had far-reaching effects. Many doubted the capacity of the unendowed Catholic schools to compete with the established Protestant endowed schools. Dr. Walsh had no such doubts, and with Father Delany, S.J.'s report of Tullabeg's success at London University, he was able to encourage the timid. The Conference not only drew up recommendations that were virtually adopted by the Board, but had the satisfaction of witnessing the competitive success of the Catholic schools. A real revolution was thus effected in the public estimate of the relative standard of Catholic and non-Catholic schools, and it paved the way for the settlement of the University question. Although never an admirer of the intermediate system with its written examinations, its former absence of inspection, and its failure to ensure the real work of education, he recognized that the Intermediate Act was the first impartial legislation between denominational schools.

The position of Catholics in Primary and University education was very different. Both systems were based and worked on principles repudiated by the Church;

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their governing bodies were nominated to secure a non-Catholic majority, or at any rate an even balance, while in the distribution of state aid, large sections of Catholics were wholly or partially unable to benefit. To do away with these inequalities the new Archbishop set out to do battle. His exposition of Catholic educational grievances in his *Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the Matter of Education* (1890), and *The Irish University Question* (1897) form a valuable history of the educational struggle of the previous sixty years. His chief attacks on the National Board were directed against the Model Schools, the disabilities of the Training Colleges, and the restrictions on religious education. To secure the recognition of the denominational system he joined the National Board in February, 1895. Within two months he had, with the help of Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, obtained a majority of twelve against four in its favour and a breakdown of the Board's non-possumus attitude towards schools like those of the Christian Brothers. It was a wonderful victory indeed, but when a two-thirds majority of the Board, representing about 90 per cent. of the Irish people, demanded the reform, Mr. Morley, the Chief Secretary of a Home Rule Government, refused it. Mr. Balfour, his successor in the denominational Conservative Government, persisted in the same disregard. Dr. Walsh never forgave Morley for his weakness and this desertion of political principles. His efforts, however, for the Denominational Training Colleges met with complete success. Especially notable was the repayment by the Government of the building grants, in which Dr. Walsh had the collaboration of Mr. Sexton in Parliament.

The crowning achievement of his life was the National University, making, as it did, the concession of something like equality to Catholics in university education. While still President of Maynooth, he exposed, chiefly by questions addressed by Mr. Sexton in Parliament, the inefficiency of the Queen's Colleges and their waste of public money. Every misrepresentation he ruth-

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lessly followed up and exposed, until the Government's only escape from humiliating exposure was the grant of a Commission of Inquiry which fully established the President's accusations. As Archbishop he brought forward and galvanized the Catholic claim in regard to university education. Of the solutions put forward by the bishops, since 1871—an exclusively Catholic university, or a Catholic college or colleges in a common university—he strongly supported the establishment of a Catholic college in the University of Dublin on the same footing as Trinity College. This was the solution proposed by Mr. Bryce in 1907, and withdrawn in favour of the present National University scheme of 1908, through the opposition of Trinity College and other vested interests. While throughout he had the wholehearted support of the Irish episcopate, especially of Dr. Healy and Dr. O'Dwyer, and among the Irish Party of Mr. Dillon, the final victory of this long, and at times apparently hopeless, struggle was due to Dr. Walsh. When the first meeting of the Senate took place on December 17th, 1908, he was as a matter of course elected first Chancellor.

Education was essentially his sphere, but it was the land question that first made him known at every hearthside in Ireland. It was the stand he induced the trustees of Maynooth College to make against the Leinster Lease in 1879 and his evidence at the Bessborough Commission (November, 1880) that exposed how Acts of Parliament passed for the benefit of the tenant could be legally nullified by the landlord. His evidence on this occasion is a masterly marshalling of facts, and the ensuing controversy with the landlord's agent remains one of his most able and crushing *tours de force*. The effect of the Maynooth protest became evident in the new Land Act on which he wrote his popular *Plain Exposition*. His grasp of the intricacies of the complex question, his irrefutable exposition of documental facts, the authority of his name, were of invaluable assistance to the Irish Parliamentary Party. But most of all his sympathy as Archbishop with the poor and oppressed and evicted, his defence of their

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honesty against landlord and alien calumnies, made him a national idol.

Consulted by Lord Carnarvon at the time of the Ashbourne Act he suggested the system of decennial reductions of the annuity which formed a popular feature of that Act. He lost no opportunity of reconciling the respective interests of landlord and tenant. In August, 1887, he suggested a Round Table Conference of accredited representatives of the landlords and tenants to devise an equitable and final settlement of the Land Question. But he was sixteen years before his time and the landlord body rejected the proposal. In 1902, when the landlords were in a more reasonable frame of mind, he once again brought forward his proposal, though the Conference which led to the Act of 1903 was not realized until a virtual invitation had come from Mr. George Wyndham. Writing of this Conference Davitt says (*Fall of Feudalism in Ireland*, p. 205): "The origin of this conference is, to some extent, a matter of doubt. The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, a lifelong friend of land reform, proposed a gathering of this kind earlier in the year 1902. Mr. T. M. Healy also advocated a similar meeting." So did Mr. Talbot-Crosbie, and others before the late Captain Shawe Taylor entered on the scene. The success of the Conference was a tribute to Dr. Walsh's foresight.

His defect was aloofness. His accurate mind made him prefer to treat business on paper rather than by mouth. The dread of entanglement and of loss of time contributed to make him shun society and discourage visitors. One of the reasons that led to his leaving Cardinal MacCabe's residence was its position in a crowded thoroughfare. But no man who so grudged inroads on his time hesitated less to sacrifice himself for the common good. His civic sense was only second to his ecclesiastical. The Dublin Trades Council has rightly acknowledged his services to labour in trade disputes. Public bodies found him a diligent worker and perfect chairman. Democratic in the best sense of the word, he believed in the capa-

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city of popularly elected bodies and had faith in the ultimate judgment of the people. He knew they might go astray for a time, but that it was impossible to deceive them for ever. What he did dread was the machine in politics operating through the bogus convention. He favoured proportional representation and the Swiss referendum. Despite his retired life he knew the people better than most politicians and kept closely in touch with public opinion. To the end he kept the promise he made on his home-coming, to keep himself clear of every sinister influence counter to the interests of his country and people. He truckled to no prejudice and sought no distinction from alliances with personages hostile to Ireland. He used to call at the Lodge to write his name in the new Lord-Lieutenant's visitors' book, but otherwise he never went there save when his advice was sought or to beg the reprieve of Ireland's young martyrs. He never broke bread there. Other reasons made him avoid Dublin society, for which at any time he had little inclination. His mind was as modern as it was progressive. He approached every problem in the light of general principles. A problem or its solution never antagonized him because it was new. Novelty or antiquity were equally beside the point when he came to its consideration. He was conservative only when he dealt with Church policy and more particularly with Church devotions. He was a trade-unionist when trade-unionists were regarded as socialists; he received and did honour to Sinn Feiners. The same modern mind which made him light his house in 1890 by electricity and settle the question of clerical cycling by cycling himself, made him the first to advocate the association of Maynooth with the University. He favoured woman-suffrage and the admission of women to the University and professions; he gave great liberty of action to his clergy and encouraged Sunday amusements provided they did not clash with the hours of public devotion. Religious rancour was abhorrent to him and he wanted no Catholic ascendancy.

The positive cast of his mind was more marked than its

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modernity. His favourite studies were legal and the Courts provided him with material of unfailing interest. He always dealt with particular and concrete issues. He avoided pinning himself to precedents. He was scrupulously accurate. He was the terror of his printers and the Post Office, knowing their processes and regulations.

His memory was amazing and he characteristically systematized it by studying the Loiset and Leibnitz systems. He completely overwhelmed Dr. Salmon, the old Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by correctly writing out the value of  $\pi$  to 128 places. He was not free from the defects of such minds. He was utterly devoid of sentiment, though he respected it and knew its value. While he had good taste he was not richly æsthetic. He had interest in archæology but little in art. He preferred history to imaginative literature, and philology to language. Though well read in English literature he wrote like a legal draftsman. Time after time he took views opposed to the general opinion. He was much criticized for his attitude towards the Irish Parliamentary Party, for his condemnation of the Catholic Association, for his attitude towards the great Dublin Strike, especially when he sent £100 for the children of the strikers (October, 1913), yet public opinion in the long run came round to his opinion and acknowledged he was right. Because he scrutinized details very closely, and early detected the small beginnings of great evils, people thought he took strong action on too light provocation.

Born in another age he would have ruled as one of the Church's statesman-prelates, but in the Ireland of the Nineteenth Century his abilities, when deliberately set aside by Leo XIII, were doomed largely to inaction. His very moderation was perhaps a bar to his greatness. He had the courage without the recklessness of Croke. One cannot imagine him defying tyranny like Dr. O'Dwyer or imperialism like Dr. Mannix. He was the soul of constitutionalism. Only those who knew him could appreciate the extreme reluctance with which,



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when faced with the supremacy of the Ulster Volunteers and later of military dictatorship, he abandoned faith in the omnipotence of constitutional action.

Like those of the political leaders, his earlier political hopes were not realized. He was deeply saddened by the Parnell split. The deterioration of the national spirit, which he frequently lamented between 1905 and 1914, caused his withdrawal from public affairs, but he always gave substantial help to the new movement in which he recognized the resurrection of the nation's soul. He has left behind him a diocese which probably exceeds any other in the world in the number of its daily communicants and in the frequentation of daily Mass. What greater tribute can a bishop desire than the love of his poor and the gratitude of the Irish Martyrs?

MICHAEL CURRAN.

Irish College, Rome.

## ELEGY

I KNOW the moon-rise and the rise of the stars ;  
Oh, lay my body down !  
I walk in the moonlight, 'neath the soft silver bars :  
Oh, lay my body down !  
Through the still graveyard I walk, through the grave-  
yard ;  
There lay my body down !  
Upward I stretch mine arms, unto the Mighty Bard  
Where ye have laid me down.  
Go I to judgment then, in the late even :  
When ye have laid me down !  
Unto my God I go, unto His Heaven  
When ye have laid me down !  
Risen to meet Him in the clean wind of dawn  
Though ye have laid me down ;  
Risen to meet Him, unto His feet am borne  
And there lay my spirit down !

EVAN MORGAN.

## POPE BENEDICT XV IN THE WAR AND AFTER

**B**Y the secret Pact of London, signed in the spring of the year 1915, by Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, the Pope was expressly and by name excluded from any share in the Peace negotiations at the end of the World War, or in the settlement of questions arising out of the war. So ran the famous Clause XV, which formed the subject of much controversy in Parliament and in the Press: "France, Great Britain and Russia will support the opposition which Italy will make against all propositions tending to the introduction of the Holy See into any peace negotiations or for the settlement of questions raised by the present war." In spite of the frequent discussions of the matter no one has given any sufficient reason why the Holy See was thus singled out by name from among all the neutral Powers, to be warned off the premises of the Peace Conference. The neutrality of the Vatican certainly differed from that of other Powers, who refrained from taking any active part in the war, but the points of difference tell in favour of the Holy See and against the exceptional disqualification to which it was subjected. Other neutral Powers grew rich on war profits made out of the necessities of their combatant neighbours, while they ran no risk themselves. Some of them were justly under suspicion because of the benevolent attitude they assumed towards the enemies of the Allies, who eventually dictated the terms of peace. Many a good British, French or Italian ship was sent to the bottom by hostile submarines through information, aid and supplies obtained in the territorial waters of neutral Powers. These, moreover, had to be carefully watched and humoured lest they might throw the full weight of their military assets into the enemy scales. The Pope, in view of his purely spiritual rule, could be under no such suspicion. He had no territorial waters to control, nor could he offer a man, or a

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gun, or any military aid whatsoever to either side of the belligerents. Moreover, he was not enriched by the war, but rather impoverished. He had no commodities for the world's market, to be disposed of at exorbitant prices, and the stream of generous offerings that used to come to him from his children in the belligerent countries before the war, either ceased altogether or was considerably diminished while hostilities were in progress.

Though its material forces were none, the moral force of the Holy See commanded the attention of the world throughout the war; for the power of the apostolic word goes straight to the minds and hearts of the faithful in all climes, carrying conviction and winning a loyal adhesion. The combatant nations, indeed, were quick to realize what an important function moral forces were to play in the conduct of the war. Moral force was the driving power of the immense armies and fleets that met in the shock of battle on land and sea: it was moral force that sustained the peoples and revived hope in the dark hours when military or naval disaster befell. It was moral force, again, adroitly manœuvred by an untiring propaganda, that unnerved the arm of the German soldier before the end of the struggle actually came. Germany had lost the war when the will to win had died out in the German homestead, as it did, in great measure through the hostile propaganda, before her troops had finished fighting in the field.

The moral force of the Vicar of Christ was great beyond compare. A silent but emphatic recognition of this moral power, still dominating in a distracted world, was given by the nations great and small in the course of the war, when they begged His Holiness to accept their diplomatic representatives at his Court. The moral power of the Papacy, however, is a citadel that cannot be taken by storm. The first Napoleon made the vain attempt, and found nothing but a phantom in his hands. He carried off the aged Pius VII and imprisoned him in the castle of Fontainebleau: but the venerable Pontiff, bereft of his councillors, with his frail body at the mercy of the Euro-

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pean conqueror, was less at the service of his imperial gaoler than if he had been left amid the splendours of his Roman Court. Benedict XV was resolved that the gigantic weapon in his hands should not serve the particular purposes of any of the belligerents to the detriment of others. "Since the beginning of Our Pontificate," he wrote in his programme of compromise in August of the year 1917, "in the midst of the horrors of the terrible war let loose upon Europe, We proposed to Ourselves three things: to preserve perfect impartiality in regard to all the belligerents, as becomes Him who is the common Father, and who loves all His children with equal affection. . . ." This did not mean that he was to assist as a passive spectator at the various phases of the struggle. Many times, indeed, he raised his authoritative voice to condemn barbarities that were a violation of the recognized usages of warfare. Above all, he shielded Belgium with his powerful protection during the period of its invasion. There are those who have been bold enough to say that he abandoned the little country to the oppression of their German masters. But they are not Belgians who so speak. Their natural spokesmen, and in the foremost place Cardinal Mercier, their champion throughout the time of the German occupation, have nothing but praise and gratitude for the effectual help the Pontiff accorded them by his generous contributions and the prayers and remonstrances he addressed to their persecutors.

If in some particular cases of acts of savagery, which were also apparently an infringement of the conventional laws of warfare, the Pope was silent, so far at least as the public was concerned, his silence was justified by excellent reasons. Even our own military tribunals, in cases where the evidence seemed overwhelming, did not condemn at once, but only after a judicial inquiry where the accused was heard in his own defence. It was impossible, of course, for the Pope to hold a judicial inquiry in the cases alleged. There was clearly no means of delivering sentence. Moreover, the ordinary rule of prudence

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dictates that admonitions should not be given nor correction administered where they would produce no good result, but only exasperate the culprit and render him more obstinate in his wrong-doing. It was curious to note in the excitement of such discussions during the war, that Protestants were more eager than Catholics for papal pronouncements on the evil deeds of their enemies. Men who in pre-war days would have passed over with indifference a papal declaration on the moral law, in the heat of the contest, when their side was suffering from some unexpected and unjustifiable blow, clamoured for a condemnation from the Pope. However, their eagerness for papal proclamations was no homage to his high office as Interpreter of the moral law, but merely a sign of their longing to punish a successful and unscrupulous antagonist. While deaf to the Pope's entreaties to consider some means of compromise to end the appalling massacre, they were quite willing to assign to him a post like that of the referee in the boxing-ring, to cry out at the incidents of foul play and register hits below the belt, without prejudice to the right of the onlookers to applaud where his judgments coincided with their own, and to hiss when they differed. The papal pastoral staff was a convenient stick to beat the enemy with.

His Holiness, however, had higher views of his duty in the terrible crisis which fell with such disastrous consequences upon the nations. He was, as a neutral, not only out of the almost universal conflict, he was above it. He was the one link of our common humanity while the world was divided against itself in the life and death struggle. His Catholic children, who were specially bound to him by their spiritual allegiance, were in both opposing camps; as Vicar of Christ he had a mission of mercy to all without exception. So he set himself to mitigate the horrors of the war, to assuage and console, to heal and comfort the wounded and the stricken; to feed and clothe the starving and indigent, without regard to their race, nationality or religion; to alleviate the hard lot of prisoners, and in many cases to secure their

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release; to obtain reprieves from the death-sentence and other harsh punishments decreed by military tribunals; to seek out the "missing" with infinite pains by a far-reaching organization that was maintained entirely at the Pope's own expense. Many thousands of soldiers who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, but whom official inquiries failed to trace, were discovered by the agents of His Holiness and put into communication with their families. The present Archbishop of Cologne was a most able and zealous co-operator with the Holy Father in this work of mercy, and for this valuable service, among his other merits has been rewarded by his promotion to the See of Cologne and his elevation to the rank of Cardinal. His Holiness was listened to respectfully by all the belligerents, and none hearkened more readily to his pleadings than the Turk. The full record of his merciful interventions, while Europe was rent by the terrible catastrophe, will never be known, but enough is in the possession of the public to show that his services were immense. The British Government acknowledged their deep obligations to Benedict XV on the occasion of the parliamentary discussion of the secret treaty, which took place on February 14th, 1918. Lord Robert Cecil, on the part of the Government, joined with the Leader of the Opposition in unstinted praise of the beneficent work of His Holiness: "The hon. member (Mr. McKean)," he said, "quoted a number of cases in which the Pope had assisted in connection with the war. That has not only not been objected to, but it has been gratefully received by the Government, and there are many occasions on which the Pope has interfered in connection with the war, and interfered most benevolently, and in a way which has earned the gratitude of every person in this country. There are other cases to which I could refer, cases in which His Holiness obtained better terms for prisoners, the repatriation of prisoners, where he has rendered service in regard to hospitals, and in regard to the graves of our soldiers in Italy. He has taken action with regard to matters of civilian relief, and so on, as to which

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we have had many diplomatic conversations in this country, and as to which we have always treated all his representations with the utmost respect, and we are grateful for the many things he has done to alleviate the condition of our prisoners and others who have suffered during the war."

Thus did Benedict XV nobly carry out his second resolution in the line of policy he had marked out for himself during the war—"to strive continually," as he wrote in his programme of peace proposals," to do good to everyone in every possible way, and that without acceptance of persons, without distinction of nationality or religion, as the universal law of charity enjoins, and the supreme spiritual charge entrusted to us by Christ requires."

The third resolution, as he wrote in the same document, was this: "Lastly, as Our mission as peacemaker equally demands, to omit nothing, as far as lay in Our power, that could contribute to hasten the end of the calamity, by trying to bring the people and their leaders to milder counsels, to the serene deliberations of peace, of a just and lasting peace." The Pope frankly threw his influence on the side of peace, and let the world know it. No other attitude was possible for the Pastor of the universal Church, who cannot approve of the arbitrament of war, until all peaceful methods of securing a just decision have been exhausted. This attitude, however, was naturally unwelcome to the belligerents on both sides. While the masses of the people and their Governments were buoyed up with the hope of winning the war outright, they could not listen with patience to counsels of peace. Beyond the triumph of an ideal of justice for which they had buckled on their armour, beyond the instant need to ward off possible defeat with its dire consequences, there was another object that lured them on to pursue the war with unremitting vigour, once they were fully launched on its stormy waters: they were bent on meting out due punishment to the authors of their woes and privations. As blow succeeded blow in the course of the gigan-



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tic struggle, as hearths became desolate and children cried for the bread that was not there, as the strong man of the house was struck down in battle, and father, or husband, or promising son, disappeared in the bloody welter, never more to be seen in the home circle, the people set their teeth and resolved that the enemy should pay dearly for the mischief he had wrought. To speak of peace was treason to their dead. This high tension of soul, this firm resolve to see the conflict through to the bitter end, was the bond that united the masses and collected all their energies for the encounter with the enemy. This was the war-spirit, which Governments fostered and fanned to a flaming heat, for on it they depended for the supply of men, money and munitions at home, and the dash and daring of the troops in their grip with the enemy. Any peace of compromise, therefore, was denounced as inconclusive, leaving the enemy unpunished, and possibly with the power and the will to renew the contest at some more favourable moment of his own choosing. Peace, accordingly, was banned from Parliament and press and platform, and the plaintive voice of the Pontiff, crying for peace from the Vatican Hill, fell on deaf ears and awakened no echo of sympathy anywhere in the ranks of the warring peoples.

Strong, however, as was his desire for peace, Benedict XV waited long before advancing any concrete proposals; it was only after three years of war that he put forward his programme as a basis of negotiation for a peace of compromise. It was done by a letter addressed on August 1st, 1917, to the heads of the belligerent States, and afterwards published in the daily press. It has been falsely asserted more than once, and lately again in an article of the *Paris Temps* of April 21st, 1921, that the papal terms of peace were the result of a secret agreement between Germany and the Holy See, made by the Apostolic Nuncio in Bavaria, Mgr. Pacelli, in his interviews with the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, on June 26th, and with the German Emperor on June 29th, 1917. The *Osservatore Romano* of April 24th, 1921, has no difficulty in exploding this attempt to cast a slur on the

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impartiality of the Pope. It points out that the narrative of these interviews was given to the public by Bethmann-Hollweg himself in a perfectly well-known article, published in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of February 29th, 1920, from which it appears that the Pope told the German Government that he was going to make an effort to bring about peace, and he wanted to know the German attitude on certain important points, such as general disarmament, the independence of Belgium, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, etc., before issuing his appeal. The views of the Allies were sufficiently known to him from the public pronouncements of their prominent statesmen. Of any agreement as to the terms of compromise to be proposed there was not a word in Bethmann-Hollweg's report. The writer in the *Temps* thinks he has ground for his assertion in an article written by the Jesuit Fr. Leiber in the January number (*an.* 1921) of the review *Stimmen der Zeit*, which the *Temps* contributor seems to know only through an inaccurate report of the article in *Der Tag*, which Fr. Leiber, in the *Germania*, April 16th, 1921, condemns as misrepresenting his original article in the *Stimmen der Zeit*. Moreover, Fr. Leiber has no special competency in the matter: his inferences were drawn from published documents only. He had no access to the secret archives of the Vatican, and if he had been able to see the report of Mgr. Pacelli, he would have found that it only confirmed the account of these interviews given to the world by the German Chancellor. Germany, like the other Powers, refused to sanction the papal terms as a basis of negotiation, which she could not have done, had she previously approved them.

In all fairness it must be allowed that the time of the Pope's appeal was opportunely chosen, with that due impartiality to the combatant sides, which His Holiness had never failed to observe from the beginning. In the August of 1917, the opposing forces in the field were more or less evenly balanced; a decision of the conflict by force of arms seemed as far off as ever; that decision could only be brought about by a destruction of life and

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property unparalleled in the previous stages of the struggle, with a consequent demoralization of the masses from the prolongation of the horrors of the war, that would increase a hundredfold the difficulty of reconstruction when the hurly-burly was done.

None of these points in the forecast were belied by ulterior events. It is true that in a sufficiently long-drawn-out war, with the immense resources of countries like Great Britain and America against her, Germany must have eventually succumbed. But Germany had a not ungrounded hope that she might deal a knock-out blow before the American forces could make their weight fully felt. She had the ocean waves strewn with her deadly submarines, and the American contingents might be intercepted and sent in thousands together to the bottom on their way to the scene of action. It was thanks mainly to the brave British ships and their incomparable sailors that the dangers of the deep were safely passed, and the troops from the Western shores of the Atlantic were borne with little loss to the battlefields of France to take their part in the final turning of the tide of war. On land, again, Germany was preparing a storm of swift and mighty blows, directed at vital points, with the deadly precision born of the experience of a three years' campaign. It was only three months after the rejection of the papal Peace Note that the disastrous defeat of Italy took place at Caporetto. Almost all her guns and army stores were lost, and her main armies routed; they were fresh recruits that finally stemmed the ever-weakening onrush of the Germans and Austrians on the line of the Piave. A momentary panic seized the whole country. Italy, indeed, made wonderful recovery, yet it was a whole year before she could dislodge the enemy from the positions he had captured. A few months more and the terrible smash was made through the British lines at St. Quentin, and the Allied forces were rolled back almost to the sea. Such was the need of the moment that cooks and other non-combatants had to fill the gaps in the firing-line alongside untrained youthful soldiers

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straight from the camps in England. No people in the lists of war was so dogged in its determination to fight to a finish and win than that of Great Britain, yet so ominous was the character of the terrible reverse of the spring of 1918 that even responsible leaders in England wavered in their expectation of complete victory. Germany did not succeed in dealing her knock-out blow, but enough was accomplished to show that her scheme had some prospect of success.

It is comparatively easy to count up the hundreds of thousands of killed and permanently maimed, added to the casualty lists since the August of 1917, or to measure in pounds sterling the extent of the destruction wrought on the country-side or in industrial centres: these are more or less ponderable quantities. But what baffles computation is the imponderable element in the general catastrophe, the contagion that fell on the spirit of man. Of all the evils that followed in the wake of the war this is the greatest, for it was a poison that attacked what was noblest in man, his godlike reason and his standards of moral conduct, with a virulence that will be felt by a whole generation. Men's souls were thrown off their balance by the methods of violence and destruction inseparable from war, and by the abnormal and long-sustained excitement, from which they sought relief in the delirium of sensual pleasure. War carries with it many and strong temptations; temptation unsought-for is neither good nor evil, but is the occasion of both. There are those who came through the turmoil with their souls unscathed, chastened and strengthened, because they remained steadfast in the days of trial, but they were the few. The many succumbed to the infection, and were insensibly lured away from the ordered habits of thought and sober rules of conduct of pre-war days. We see now on every side a widely-diffused licentiousness, a feverish grasping after material goods as though they were the sole or the main objects of life, a voracious spirit of greed in individuals and in organized groups, seeking satisfaction without regard to the rights of their neigh-

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bours or the claims of the common weal, with a readiness to use violence even against the agents of lawful authority. These disorders of the soul reach their acme in the Bolshevism of Russia, but a modified Bolshevism affects the whole of Europe. On the one hand there is the reckless profiteering of those who have goods for sale, on the other the exorbitant demands of wage-earners, whose labour cannot produce the wage they demand, with the result that trade is driven from the country, and the whole economic machine of the nation is sometimes brought to a standstill by unreasonable strikes.

After a war of one or two years' duration, this decline of the human spirit might have found a speedy remedy, like a disease attended to in good time. But as the years went by and the cloud of war never lifted, the poison took a fast hold of the corporate body and spread through the whole system at a geometrical rate of progression, so that at present it defies all ordinary remedies. How much of the evil is due to the fifteen months of war after the issue of the papal Peace Note it is difficult to say; it must have been, at least, doubled in intensity and extent.

Great Britain and her Allies had the satisfaction of dictating terms to the vanquished foe and of imposing a heavy charge of reparation on an almost insolvent debtor. Should, however, an impartial judge count up the added cost of the achievement for the period succeeding the August of 1917, the date of the papal Peace Note, in the number of lives lost or permanently blighted, in the destruction of property and the retarded production of wealth, in the increase of war-debts, and above all in the aggravated disorders of the human spirit, I think he would pause ere he could say that it was worth while. He would rightly conclude that Benedict XV in his call for a truce acted as a wise counsellor and a benevolent father, who had at heart the well-being, not merely of one or other of the belligerent Powers, but of all indiscriminately and of the whole of mankind.

The decision of the war by force of arms made the

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15th clause of the Secret Treaty, above referred to, superfluous. The Holy Father, even though invited, could not sit on a board of the victorious Allies, which imposed conditions on the beaten enemy. But the Peace Conference did more than liquidate hostilities; it went on to provide an antidote to future wars in the well-known League of Nations. The idea was a noble one and worthy of all praise. It aimed at gathering together the moral forces of the world to oppose them as an insuperable bulwark against wanton military aggression. The project was enthusiastically welcomed on all sides by the people, who were sick of the appalling slaughter and resolved that they and their children should be spared its repetition. We remember the thunders of applause that greeted President Wilson in his tour through Great Britain, France and Italy, when he announced the glad tidings of the projected League, that was to make war well-nigh impossible. He was acclaimed as the prophet of a new era of peace and brotherhood among the nations. So, with painstaking labour the constitution of this new international organism for the suppression of fratricidal violence was drafted and given to the world. It was the supreme effort of the collective wisdom of the victors in the war, united in the solemn Council of Peace.

Yet the League of Nations is doomed to failure; firstly, because the great Republic of the West will have none of it. This rejection means not only that its valuable contribution is withdrawn from the deliberations and the powerful sanction of its name from the decisions of the League, but also the possibility that these decisions may find in the United States an opponent. The second reason of failure is the fatal flaw that vitiates its whole structure, pointed out by President Harding in his message to Congress in the month of April last: "The high purpose of the League of Nations was destroyed when it was incorporated in the Treaty of Peace, thus making the victors in the war its executive agents." (Translated from the Italian report.) It smells of war, whereas it should be wholly redolent of peace. The

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united voice of Great Britain, France and Italy, the main winners of the war, who still hold their swords unsheathed above the heads of the vanquished nations, counts for much in the present stage of European affairs. One wonders, however, how long their union will last. The bond that unites them is of the frailest. It is their common interest in exacting dues from a dilatory debtor. For the moment they cling together for their mutual security; what changes the morrow will bring, no one knows. They are like Alpine climbers, bound together with a rope, while they creep over the slippery ledge of rock that overhangs the abyss: the danger passed, the rope will be discarded and they will drift freely in their different directions. Their comradeship in arms still provides food for rhetoric on occasions of festival, when the nations, so to speak, are on parade, but in the drudgery of every-day life the diplomacy of each is directed to obtain the maximum of advantage for their own particular country in the new political situation which has arisen out of the war. Great Britain, France and Italy, as members of the Supreme Council, may agree on some policy that affects the rights of others, and carry their point, yet the world may still have reason to doubt the wisdom of their decision. Likewise, the effective force of the decisions of the League of Nations, or of any similar body that settles international questions in the name of ruling Powers, must depend less upon the military or economic menace it holds in reserve, than on the large numbers and wide influence of the nations or members that compose it, on the spontaneity of their adhesion and the unanimity of their judgment. When the League of Nations speaks, it should be as though the world spoke: "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" Its real strength must lie in its moral force, in the weight of its impartial judgment. To place the victors in the late struggle in its forefront, still in all the panoply of war, is to weaken its hold upon the world, which will be more impressed by its capacity to win confidence than to instil fear.

The third reason for the inevitable failure of the



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League of Nations is the exclusion of the greatest moral force in the world, the Holy See, from any share in its deliberations. It is true that the Pope has no jurisdiction in purely temporal matters, which belong entirely to the secular State, whose right and duty it is to secure the temporal well-being of its own subjects. But its authority is limited to its own territory, beyond which the King's writ does not run. Great Britain, for example, has no more jurisdiction in the temporal affairs of Holland or Belgium than the Pope has. When a Congress of representatives of different countries meet to decide questions, which concern them all, by the common agreement, they are invested in their collective capacity with the powers to deal with such international questions which no single State can give. The papal representative on such a board, then, would have equal jurisdiction with the rest. But on what a different footing to the others would he appear in the solemn assembly of the Powers ! Not one of the representatives of the secular States can approach the deliberations of such a Conference with the sole or even the main object of benefiting the common weal. First and foremost in their minds is the protection and advancement of the interests of their own countries, in the second place only the good of all. They have their eyes fixed on markets to be preserved or newly acquired ; on mineral, agricultural or forest areas to be exploited, or spheres of political influence to be captured, or parties to be favoured, who will in turn support them. By the nature of the case they assume the part of advocates in these matters, not of judges. Moreover, the responsible statesmen, who are charged with the rule of their country, are not permanently in power. Their tenure of office is ephemeral, and depends on the satisfaction they give to their party or to the electors in the constituencies. It is proverbially hard to relinquish the sweets of office, yet they are faced at times with the dilemma of adopting a solution against their own convictions or of abandoning their post. They are also apt to be swayed by gusts of public opinion, which is sometimes in the right, but more

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often in the wrong, and at best is a fickle and untrustworthy guide in international questions.

The Pope is free from all such drawbacks to serene deliberation and impartial judgment. He competes with no one in the world's markets. He has no use for political or economic spheres of influence. His tenure of office can never depend on any particular decision he is pleased to give; his judgment cannot be stampeded by cries of alarm from the public press; in any and every case his position is stable as the everlasting hills as long as his life endures.

In addition to this, the Sovereign who rules from the rock of Peter the universal Church, has the broad outlook, and, through the traditions of his Curia, the trained habit of mind, that fits him to deal with international questions. It was common to deride the "Little Englanders" for the narrowness and insularity of their views, whereas the statesmen of imperial calibre, who have risen to a due conception of the exalted mission that falls to Great Britain in the destinies of the world, have earned the gratitude and veneration of their fellow-countrymen. By their foresight and comprehension they were able to remedy nascent evils, to ward off catastrophe by timely provision, and lay the foundations of prosperity in the furthestmost parts of the Empire. Yet wide and far-reaching as are the dominions under British rule, they have their limits; on the Continent of Europe, indeed, which is and must ever remain, while continuity of tradition lasts, the centre and pivot of the world's civilization, Great Britain has nothing but a mere foothold on the Rock of Gibraltar. The Church, over which Benedict XV reigns, with its complete organization, centred in Europe in the framework of the old Roman Empire, encircles the globe, and includes the British dominions and every other kingdom, state, dominion and colony in its vast sweep. The Church has no frontiers on the earth. The Head of this world-embracing organism is in constant communication with the bishops in every region, who in their turn are in close touch with

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their people, and, generally speaking, in sympathy with their activities in the civil order, with their views and national aspirations. Their rule is a spiritual one, it is true, but the collective action of the Church is inseparably intertwined with the civil status of the people in each locality, and cannot be properly directed without due account being taken of their relations to civil government and of certain prevalent movements in the political order. So it has come about that the Pope for centuries has had to deal with questions that arose from racial prejudice or tribal jealousies, from national strivings and conflicts, for the settlement of which he has had the best of information from both sides, for bishops and others in ecclesiastical authority have nothing to conceal from their common Father. Now the strife has been between Croats and Hungarians, or Hungarians and Austrians; again, between Poles and their Russian or German masters; between French Canadians and the English-speaking peoples of Canada; between German-Americans and men of other extraction in the United States, and so on. The mysterious region of the Balkan Peninsula, whence shot the spark that kindled the world war, is a puzzle to most. There is a jumble of races there, keenly attached to their ancient traditions, energetic, pertinacious and combative, whose relations one to another are the despair of any student of modern political history. I doubt whether there is in any of the Foreign Ministries of Europe such a clear comprehension of the complicated political conditions there, as in the papal Secretariate of State. In the ordinary despatch of business the Roman Curia obtains a wide knowledge of the temperament, tendencies and aims of the people in different regions, which form the background of many questions submitted in *dossiers* to International Boards, without which those *dossiers* cannot be properly understood.

It is only minds that are hopelessly darkened by Protestant prejudice that can harbour the puerile suspicion that the Pope would unduly favour a Catholic country in

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dispute with a Protestant one. In the first place, there are no Catholic governments in the world, except, perhaps, somewhere in South America. If we are to speak of Catholic peoples, there are often more Catholics in what is called a Protestant country than in one wholly Catholic, and it is well known that Catholics are one with their Protestant fellow-countrymen where the secular interests of their common country are concerned. There are more Catholics in Protestant Germany, for instance, than there are in Spain. There are more Catholics in the British Empire than there are in Belgium and Portugal put together. It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine a case where the Pope, even if he wished it, could unjustly favour one portion of his spiritual subjects without offending another.

From the foregoing reflections it is apparent that the undeniable weight attaching to a decision that bears the signature of the Pope's representative, would be due, not merely to the spirit of deference with which the word of the Supreme Pastor is received by the hundreds of millions of his spiritual subjects in all parts of the earth, but also to the cogent reasons that make it clear to the world that his judgment must be one in which truth and justice are combined. If there is a ruler in the world who represents humanity, as distinct from the various divisions of humanity into races, nations and States, that ruler is the Sovereign Pontiff. He is ever on the side of order and peace, and the nature of the high office he holds in perpetuity, with its traditions of world-control, is a guarantee that he is not to be turned to the right or the left by motives of self-interest, and that his decisions are matured with full knowledge of the atmosphere and surroundings of the various questions that are submitted to judgment.

Signor Sonnino, who by his ill-judged action imposed on his allies the exclusion of the Pope from "the settlement of questions raised by the war," found no imitators in the new States which arose out of the defeated and dismembered Empires. No sooner had they gained their inde-

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pendence, than they hurried to the Vatican for help. Left to shift for themselves by the masters of the Peace Conference, they were faced by the giant task of building anew an ordered community within their confines, at a time when the bonds of brotherhood between men were strained to the snapping-point, and authority in the State was receiving the rudest of shocks. They judged instinctively that the Pope could and would help them to restore order and peace. One after another they came to Benedict XV, begging him not only to receive their representatives at his court, but also to send his Nuncios to dwell in their midst and co-operate in the work of reconstruction. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia have Papal Nuncios at their seats of government, and are represented at the Vatican by their Plenipotentiary Ministers and Envoys Extraordinary. To these may be added Hungary and Rumania, who have similar relations with the Vatican.

The procession did not end there. The older States made similar petitions to His Holiness. The German Empire, which before the war had no special representative at the Papal Court, but only an Envoy from Prussia and another from Bavaria, has now its Ambassador to the Holy See, and a Papal Nuncio is accredited to the President of the German Federated States. Holland has made permanent its Legation to the Holy See, and has a Papal Internuncio of its own at The Hague. France, which seventeen years ago broke off so unceremoniously its relations with the Pope, has now renewed them. Its Ambassador, in the person of Senator Jonnart, is already in Rome, and Monsignor Cerretti will shortly leave the side of Benedict XV to take up the work of the Nunciature in Paris. There is no sign yet of a move on the part of Italy to establish direct and regular diplomatic relations with His Holiness. It is well known that she has on many occasions treated State affairs with the Pope through special intermediaries. But this oblique method of doing business is fraught with drawbacks, and leaves Italy in a position of inferiority beside the other Powers,

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particularly with regard to her newly-acquired interests in the East. The manifest advantages of direct and permanent relations with the Holy See may induce her to add her representative to those of the other States at the Vatican, which should bring about a happy solution of the Roman Question.

Brazil, Chili, Peru, and Belgium, to give more importance to their Legation to the Vatican, have raised their representatives to the rank of Ambassadors. In the year 1913 there were fourteen States represented at the Papal Court, while His Holiness was represented abroad by five Nuncios, three Internuncios and three Apostolic Delegates and Extraordinary Envoys. At the present moment there are twenty Nuncios, and five Internuncios, and twenty-five States are represented at the Court of Benedict XV.

Never has the papal throne been surrounded by so numerous and influential a diplomatic corps, nor at any previous time has His Holiness had so many representatives of his own at the different seats of secular government. It has been a plebiscite of the nations, by their deeds proclaiming to the world that they have need of the Pope. Pope Benedict XV has responded with the same generous spirit of doing what good he can to all, without discrimination of race, nationality or creed, to which the nations became accustomed during the world-war.

If the League of Nations should before long, as I believe it will, make its bow to the world and retire from the public stage, expressing its regret that it could not carry out its good intentions, then another International Association, with the same purpose, but better equipped for its task, must take its place: for the people, or the sane majority of them, are weary of the brandishing of weapons, and deep in their hearts is the craving to live in amity and harmony with their fellow-men, whatever frontiers may divide them. President Harding, in his message to Congress which I have already alluded to, said: "While rejecting the pact of the actual League, and

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announcing that it is rejected by our people, we do not renounce our hope and our purpose of constituting an international association to secure the peace of the world, to which end we are ready to unite our cordial efforts to those of Europe." Let the Powers that be see to it, that in founding the new association, they do not commit the folly of excluding from membership the greatest of the moral forces in the world for the preservation of order and peace. They have shown their confidence in the Pope, by invoking his aid in the interests of their own particular countries; why should they not go one step further, and invite him to sit amongst them on their International Board to forward the interests which are common to all? Divine Providence has not deserted mankind, but it is a well-known rule of God's providence, that man must use the ordinary means within his reach to remedy the evils he is heir to. It is not merely for spiritual ministrations that God has planted in the midst of the nations, in the heart of old Rome, a tower of strength, to which so many in the past have had recourse, and not in vain. It can, indeed, be no subject of satisfaction, nor goal of ambition to Pope Benedict XV to mingle in the secular affairs of nations, but in view of the good to be accomplished, he may be prevailed upon to place his rare powers at the service of a world still torn with dissensions and seeking the direction and relief which the divided rulers and leaders of the people cannot give.

Rome.

J. PRIOR,  
*Pro-Dean of the Rota.*



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

*THE Marquess of Bute* (John Murray), in fact, was Disraeli's Lothair in fiction. Bute was the privileged but unspoilt child of Holy Church, which he joined to make up that astonishing Pleiad of Harrovian converts, such as no other Public School has been able to equal, Manning, Mivart, Wilkinson, Faber and Bute. Bute sacrificed a great career of influence, had he been minded to take up politics, and even lost the hand of Lady "Corisande," as Disraeli disguised the Duke of Abercorn's daughter, whose protestant Bute was unable to remain. In a moment of well-considered and boyish abnegation he entered the Communion, which to the least of her sons is dearer than life. The rich, varied and cultured life awaiting him was largely bound up with Catholic thought and ceremony. His career was a splendid liturgical proceeding. He loved the manifold rites of the Roman Church and despised not that dietary discipline which aristocratic converts find their most difficult ecclesiastical experience. Though there was little place for his learned abilities and devoted sense of duty in English public life, then pervaded by a Teutonic reaction against Rome, he was favoured beyond most mortals by pilgrimages to the Holy Land, by the affection of Supreme Pontiffs and the constant approval of the Church. We see the Harrow boy kneeling at Jerusalem, the Oxonian receiving his ashes on Ash Wednesday from the hands of Pius IX, and the Great Cross of the Holy Sepulchre on his breast. He lived in two worlds, and if the canny professors of St. Andrew's University saw their Rector's stern features enclosed in a mediæval hood, the Pontifical Court was interested by noting the Order of the Thistle round his neck. The pious liturgiologist translating the Roman Breviary with the aid of Jew and Jesuit reappeared as the prosperous looking Mayor of Cardiff, the port which, following his father's prophecy, he had raised up out of the waters. Both city and individual felt his benefaction. The builder and restorer of material monuments to his

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well-spent affluence was in constant touch with the unseen world, not only the devotional but also the psychical. His cousin, the last Marquess of Hastings, died under terrible circumstances, hastening Bute's reception into the Church, and one of Bute's trustees heard the spectral carriage drive into the great courtyard at Cardiff Castle the night Hastings died. Bute's only daughter heard the same dire visitant on the eve of her father's death at Dumfries House. Bute took a natural and safeguarded interest in ghostly phenomena, his investigations leading him to consider that Death was robbed largely of his horrors. He was also deeply interested in the mediæval science of astrology, and the horoscope of his own nativity was painted over his study, though he would not have gone as far as the Anatomist of Melancholy who reproduced his stars on his tomb. Sir David Hunter Blair adds a valuable note: "He was not, of course, unaware that the practice of astrology had been forbidden to the Christians of the early Church, and condemned by a Sixteenth Century Pope. But he also had the authority of St. Thomas for believing, if he desired to do so, that the heavenly bodies do influence the bodies of men, and so indirectly their passions and their conduct. This is a matter of science, not of theology, which forbids not the study of science but the belief, once so widely current, that the astrologer can predict with certainty the course of events." Bute never foretold much, beyond connecting Mars with possible apoplexy or dynamite at the first Jubilee.

His conversion seems to have been that of an *anima naturaliter Catholica*. Nothing could deflect him, angry guardians, impudent newspapers, indignant duchesses, self-contradictory divines. But he did not admit that Mgr. Capel converted him. He converted himself, which is the only sound method of conversion. He never appears to have read Disraeli's *Lothair*, in which Mgr. Catesby contended with, it seems, Dr. Liddon for Bute's soul. Vulgarity of writing, as of religion, he passed over. Why should he read the Book of Common Prayer, which is a

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wraith of Catholicism, or *Lothair*, which was a caricature of himself? He would certainly approve of the present biography and, in default of a Prince-Bishop, of the choice of an Abbot-Baronet as his biographer. Like another splendid son of the Church, Bertram Earl of Shrewsbury, he received the Five Absolutions at his funeral. Now that the great race of princely benefactors to the Church is at an end, it may be pointed out how much not only the Catholic Church but the State in England loses by the absence of great lords living their lives in the spirit of mediæval fear and generosity. Wealth without the duties that place and theology assign becomes cancerous. The social tissue rots from above, and this is exactly what is occurring in our midst. Wealth without noblesse and noblesse without Catholicism spells the doom of upper society. Recent books have shamelessly bared the rot, but the efforts of "a gentleman with a duster" to hold up *The Glass of Fashion* (Mills and Boon) do not convince us that the writer is either a gentleman or that he is displacing much dust. We trace the puritanical meanness of the Nonconformist conscience appealing for the removal of the aristocratic mote when its own beam is static. Nor do we think it necessary to crush the indiscretions of Mrs. Asquith by marshalling a roll of great Victorian duchesses, some of whom may have radiated national health, but one of whom was as ill-famed as she was Lutheran. The author's cheap reference to the mediæval religion shows that ignorance of Catholicism, which is pardonable in the journalist but in the would-be reformer of society as impertinent as absurd. S. L.

PROFESSOR JAMES HOGAN has endeavoured to place *Ireland in the European System* (Longmans) during the obscure first half of the Sixteenth Century, sufficiently at least to disprove Wells' facile statement that "Ireland did not enter the stage till the Nineteenth Century." Irish relations with Louis XII and Henry II of France are well shown. Owing to the Irish in the French armies, "Francis I became conscious of the

# Ireland in the European System

existence of Ireland in the economy of Europe and attempted to use Ireland as a political weapon." He incited Irish revolt and sent ambassadors to meet Desmond in 1523. "The Franco-Irish alliance was shattered at the battle of Pavia" is a pregnant sentence. Cardinal Wolsey exchanged some words with Kildare whose treasons he threatened to trump. It is a pity Shakespeare never used Kildare's retort to the Cardinal, "I slumber in a hard cabin, when you sleep in a soft bed of down. I serve under the King his cope of Heaven, when you are served under a canopy. I drink water out of my skull, when you drink wine out of golden cups." Continental intrigues with Ireland never ceased. Irish hawks and wolfhounds were given to the Emperor Charles V. Cardinal Pole seems to have been the link between the Franco-Irish entente and the Papacy. Through France the Scotch line of resistance under Cardinal Beaton was linked to Ireland. Beaton was "perhaps the last eminently feudal figure. In the character of this extraordinary man is crystallized the will power and the ferocity of the northern peoples. At times we behold him in his cardinal's robes spinning vast combinations for the confusion of England. At times he stalks, clad in bloody mail, a sinister figure in English eyes and a formidable champion of Scotch liberties." Follows the long line of adventurers in the Irish cause, the blind Archbishop Wauchop of Armagh, to whom "we owe the establishment of the Jesuits in Ireland"; Thomas Stukeley, "Duke of Ireland"; the doubly treasonable George Paris. Wauchop was also a Scotch Papal Legate to Germany, whence the proverb "*Legatus caecus ad oculos Germanos.*" The Irish cause depended on the Papal Conclave of 1551: "If the new Pope was favourable to France the Irish expedition would be instantly set in motion." It may be recalled that William of Orange's Irish expedition also hung on Papal permission. Had the tiara fallen to French sympathizers, Professor Hogan thinks "English domination would have vanished in a week." We are of the school who would

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eliminate all guessing in history books. "That's that" is our motto, not "This might have been that." France, having stirred up Ireland, left her in the lurch and Cormac O'Connor was "paid with fair words." In 1552 "the Austrians employed the Irish question to cause a cleavage between England and France." The war between the Empire and France "was a godsend to England. It came in the nick of time to save Ireland and Calais." Later Ireland became a stake in Northumberland's conspiracy. The French were to help the Protestant heroine, Lady Jane Grey, to the throne in return for Ireland and Calais. Had Northumberland succeeded and civil war followed, "doubtless Ireland would have established its independence." The Catholic Queen Mary left Maryborough and Philipstown as her mark on the unfinished map of the conquest of Ireland.

S. L.

*THE Rule of St. Benedict*, a Commentary by the Right Rev. Paul Delatte (translated by Dom Justin McCann, Monk of Ampleforth) (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), is the second of two noteworthy books which have lately appeared to enrich our knowledge of the Benedictine rule and traditions. Both are the work of authors most highly qualified to deal with their subject, for one was written by the Abbot President of the English Congregation, the other by that of the Congregation of France. Though both have since resigned their charge, their works remain as a permanent memorial of their learning and their zeal. The scope and plan of Abbot Butler's work is indeed widely different from that of the work now before us. The writers differ, too, in many minor details of interpretation, but this seems only to bring out more clearly the fundamental unity of the two, while it adds to the interest of both. To the student who wishes to form a clear idea of the history and influence of Benedictine Monachism, of what it has done and may yet do for Europe and the world, Abbot Butler's book is essential; and if he wishes to know what the great legislator really taught, to study the teachings of that



## Paul Verlaine

illustrious rule to which our own country owes perhaps more than any other, let him turn to this great commentary of the French abbot, where he will find gathered around the text of St. Benedict, the teachings, the explanations, the conclusions of the great monastic writers of all ages. Abbot Delatte is primarily addressing his own monks; his commentary is the substance of the teaching which for many years he gave to his own novices. Thus his foremost aim is the edification of those who have entered the school of St. Benedict, "to hearken to the precepts of the master," to explain "the law under which they desire to fight." Thus again he naturally interprets the rule in the light of the constitutions of his own Congregation, which were drawn up by the famous Dom Gueranger. But he is by no means narrow in his views, and he but seldom fails to illuminate and confirm his conclusions by the teaching and interpretations of the fathers and doctors most qualified to speak. The translator has performed his laborious and gigantic task with extraordinary success. The book does not read like a translation: it is both easy and pleasant to study. We feel we owe to this English monk a debt of gratitude for the industry and skill with which he has placed within the reach of his countrymen this important work of the exiled abbot of Solesmes.

D. B. C.

IF Francis Thompson had a Parisian analogue it was *Verlaine*, whose tale is well told by Harold Nicholson (Constable). Both were born Catholic and refound their religion under circumstances of molten mysticism. To both *sitio* was the terrible word of the Gospels. Their Catholicism flowered into verse, of which Anatole France's remark applied to one as to the other: "*La chance que c'était le meilleur poète de son temps.*" Verlaine married at the very outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war and the evening before he died went to bed "chuckling over the German Emperor's telegram to Kruger." An era both in letters and statecraft lay concisely between the two dates. As an official under the Commune, Verlaine claimed that

## Some Recent Books

he saved Notre Dame from the flames and in Mons Prison Notre Dame saved him in turn. There he was converted in spite of the syntax of the catechism. The instruments were Monsignor Gaume, a lithograph of the Sacred Heart, "the most sublime devotion of the Catholic Church" and "that admirable novel *Ellen Middleton* by Lady Gullerton" (*sic*). In 1895, he was made Prince of Poets. Compared with his fellow-converts he was as sensational as Wilde, as exquisite as Beardsley and as devout as Thompson. *Requiescat Villon.* S. L.

FATHER MARTINDALE'S *Jock, Jack and the Corporal* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne) is in a certain sense the descendant of Cardinal Newman's *Loss and Gain*, and of every other work from the *Phaedo* downwards, which employs the conversational method for the unfolding of an argument. We are accustomed to tracts in dialogue, ancient and modern. But our knowledge of the type will not prepare us. It is a very living story, full of pathos and humour, concerned with real men who really grapple with the problems of real life. You are put in hospital, and introduced to some of the wrecks of the war. You are shown a Scotch boy, dying, and shining with the Light of Faith. You get to know those who occupy the beds around him, very individual people, thinking, acting, each in his own way. Amongst them all moves the priest, the "I" of the book, one who understands his fellows, evidently, and wins their love. You may listen to him, instructing a sergeant in the Faith. Gradually you will find that he covers the whole range of Catholic doctrine. It is done with astonishing depth and delicacy. A theologian, a philosopher, a poet, speaks to the average man, and reveals to him in his own language the mysteries of God. There is no Catholic, we think, who will not be refreshed and helped by this re-statement of familiar truths. Father Martindale has the gift of making the dogmas of the Faith intensely personal to the individual soul. He illuminates theology, brings it within our ken, shows it to be no dry-as-dust science, but the key

## Not Known Here

to the knowledge of God, the perfect expression of a revelation fitted for every human need. If we must criticize such a book, let us say that here and there Father Martindale has allowed himself to be unduly sarcastic. There are moments, for instance, when his allusions to the established Church are either a thought too patronizing in their kindness or a thought too cruel. The same applies to his judgments of certain types of people. Sarcasm is a weapon which, just because it is so effective, needs to be used with great restraint. The humorous passages of the book are generally delightful, but very occasionally a little overdone. It is no doubt extremely difficult to avoid this fault when writing Cockney jargon, and trying to capture the Cockney point of view. Only because the result is on the whole so successful, do we venture to criticize. In like manner the sentiment of *Jock, Jack and the Corporal* is throughout so true, that we resent it when occasionally we meet a touch of sentimentality. We find it in the description of Barbara Travers, and in perhaps one other place. We do not want Father Martindale to descend, even for a moment, from his high level. R. S.

IT is not easy to criticize Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Not Known Here* (Hutchinson) just as a novel. For when the current of life is very strong, you do not criticize, but are absorbed in it. Even in the first three parts of her book Mrs. Ward immerses you sufficiently in the flow of life to make you forget that you are reading—unless, of course, you are *quite* unfamiliar with, say, Oxford; then you are conscious that you are being *told*; but when she reaches the August of 1914, the waters have you at their mercy; thenceforward you are not learning, you are not remembering; you are beaten upon and swallowed up in an actual, because imperishable, experience. This is a tribute to her skill, but also a witness to her complete self-identification with that same experience.

Not that, as you will see, this is just a "war-book." An English girl, Pamela, is married to a German older than she, vicious, detestable. Not long after his death

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a boy is born, reputed his, and educated as step-son of his true father, an Englishman, whom after a year or two Pamela marries. In a moment of weakness, characteristic enough, Hugh Dearmer tells the truth to Karl. After much anguish the boy forgives him. But through the rest of his time at Eton he chafes bitterly under his German name, and the knowledge that, despite it, he is pure English. War breaks out. The English boy, adoring his home, reverencing his land, must, it would seem, go to fight for Germany. Impossible! He enlists, under a false name, as a private. He is taken prisoner and is recognized by his German uncle, who reads the riddle. Forthwith, a dire alternative. If he adheres to his German nationality he can be shot as a German traitor having fought for England. If he confesses to his English parentage, shoot him they cannot; but he will have revealed his mother's sin. He keeps silence, and he dies. I cannot linger to describe the delicacy with which each character is drawn: the passionate, beautiful mother, her soul beaten back upon itself, at long last liberated, feeling herself met by a love that survived confession and transfigured her remorse; on her side, love had never had free play, so distracting had been her unceasing spiritual conflict; her love had "blundered but had never really failed" even in regard of Mary, the daughter whom the hermit life of home had so gulled, but who, when the war killed selfishness, guessed at last the love, forgot the blunders, and sprang to glad response; Jeanie, her cheerful girlhood, her dawn of love for Karl, and its vicissitudes; "the Canon," whom we recognize, a noble, understanding portrait that should do much towards the union of wills which must underlie any "reunion" that argument may help; and Nanna, the old nurse, whose life is the best of arguments, an "integral" argument, satisfying both head and heart. Nanna makes the link between Karl and the Catholic faith; you might have thought his "conversion" abrupt, if not uncalled for. No. Its stages are accurate, psychologically: the boy had been through such vast things that the departmental, the national

# Josephus

assuredly, the spiritually limited could never have imprisoned him; the Dominican who, by error, anointed the barely conscious boy, gave but the necessary final aid to the travailing soul. When, towards the end, he knew the lad's whole history, he saw in him the "appalling instance of the infinite consequences of a finite deed . . . he saw in this story the immense scale on which immortal beings act." That is the key to the whole book. For many, the war violently and for ever altered their whole perspective. Why? Because the incredible things *done* became a revelation of the enormity of things thought and felt and willed—for splendour or for shame. And thereupon the *whole* war—things done *and* thought and willed—became on a sudden a mere symbol; a statement, in terms of horror and of heroism, of man's soul-history; of the duel of sin and sanctity inside each spirit; of Christ and hell within us. That is why it seems no blasphemy to turn straight from this book to contemplate the Crucifix.

C. C. M.

**I**N spite of all the difficulties of book-production the S.P.C.K. continues with wonderful courage to issue translations of documents useful to the student of theology. They have arranged various series of these. Thus, the *Josephus* is in the series "Translations of Early Documents," edited by Dr. Oesterley and Canon Box. This contains versions of Jewish books, either in Hebrew or Greek or other languages (even Ethiopic). Others are "Translations of Christian Literature." H. St. J. Thackeray's *Selections from Josephus* gives select passages from his autobiography, the *Antiquities* and *Wars of the Jews* and *Against Apion*. They are arranged systematically under headings to illustrate historical events, Jewish theology and customs and the life of Josephus. The translation seems very well done. At the end are additional notes on special passages. Mr. Thackeray, of course, decides against the authenticity of the famous text about Christ, in *Ant.*, XVIII, iii, 3, on the ground, recognized now by practically everyone, that it breaks

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the sequence of ideas in its context, which is all about tumults and disturbances in the time of Pilate; also because of the obvious differences in style between this interpolation and the real Josephus. This note is particularly well done. Occasionally the translator calls attention to the improbability of Josephus's stories—this, too, is needed. Nothing better could be suggested than this little book for a student who has not time to read through all Josephus, but would like to see what he says about certain important matters. As a book to keep in one's library it has the disadvantage of all selections, that one never knows whether the text one wants will be there. However, the texts likely to be of use to the Christian student of history are given.

Mr. Thompson and Dr. Srawley supply a translation of two documents of chief importance for the history of the Eucharistic liturgy in the West and for faith in the change of the elements into the Body and Blood of Christ, *St. Ambrose on the Mysteries* and the *Treatise on the Sacraments* by an unknown writer. Mr. Thompson has made the translation. The tone of the book is all that of Dr. Srawley, who writes the introduction and notes. In these he explains again his well-known views about the development of the Roman Canon. The long introduction tries to minimize the witness of both documents to a real change of the bread and wine, and to represent a symbolic Presence as "more spiritual" and more in accord with the traditional Western view. However, the notes are good and useful, with copious references to other authorities in these discussions.

By far the most valuable of these books is Mr. Harden's translation of the *Ethiopic Didascalia*, of which he supplies the first complete version. In this he has used as basis the MS. Orient. 752 in the British Museum, an excellent plan, as thus we know all the time what we are reading. But he has collated the other four MSS. in the British Museum and the version of T. P. Platt in 1834. There is an introduction in which the translator explains his views about the dependence of the "Church

## Gregory Thaumaturgos

Orders," from the Canons of Hippolytus to the Apostolic Constitutions. He does not succeed in making his own theory very clear; but then it seems impossible to arrive at any clear or final theory about this question. Nor does he refer to Dom R. Hugh Connolly's views in his *Egyptian Church Order*.

St. Gregory the Wonderworker, future Bishop of Neocæsarea in Pontus and his brother, Athenodoros, were among the most enthusiastic disciples of the great Origen at Cæsarea in Palestine. Origen, fleeing from his troubles with Demetrios of Alexandria, came back to his friends at Cæsarea about the year 231. Soon after the two brothers from Pontus arrived. Gregory was Origen's devoted pupil for about eight years, till he went back to his own country, where he was ordained bishop. While at Cæsarea he spoke an address to Origen, at a public meeting, in which he expresses his gratitude to his master and his enthusiasm for the sacred knowledge he had acquired from him. The speech contains an account of Gregory's own life so far and of Origen's method in teaching. It is therefore important for our knowledge of both. This *Λόγος προσφωνητικὸς εἰς Ὀριγένην* is generally supposed to have been delivered at their parting, when Gregory was going back to Pontus (about 238 or 239); though there is some doubt about this. It has been admirably edited by P. Koetschau, who gives the text of Origen's letter to Gregory (in the *Philokalia*, cap. 13), written, according to him, from Nicomedia between 238 and 243. Mr. Metcalfe has translated Koetschau's book, adding an introduction. Here, too, the translation is well done.

These little books, then, are excellent of their kind. There remains only some doubt as to the people for whom they are meant. They suppose readers sufficiently students of the Fathers and early Church history to want the full text of documents, yet unable to read Latin or Greek. There cannot be many people at just that stage. No one who can read the original text will have any use for an English translation of St. Ambrose; and if a man cannot read



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even enough Latin to understand the text of *De Mysteriis*, will he want to read it at all? There is no doubt about the usefulness of a translation of such works as the *Ethiopic Didascalica*; for many a man will be quite a serious student of the Church Orders and yet not able to read Ethiopic. Translations from such languages as Syriac, Arabic, even Hebrew, have their use for students without doubt. Indeed, for almost any student it is at least a convenience to have a Latin version parallel to the text, when he is studying a book written in such languages as these. That is why most good editions of Eastern texts do supply a crib, to the great comfort of practically all who use them. The doubt is about Greek, and especially Latin texts. Of course there are plenty of good people who cannot read Greek nor even such easy Latin as that of St. Ambrose. But then, do such people really need, or are they likely to read, texts of these works at all? For, frankly, much in the voluminous writings of the Fathers is not literature. Students doing original work, research of any kind, must, of course, have the texts. But such students cannot do anything with a translation. Who, for instance, examining the origins of the Roman Canon could use Mr. Thompson's translation of *de Sacramentis*? He must refer to the Latin text. And the man in the street, the popular person for whom, of course, we must also cater, would find most texts of Fathers very dull reading. Will he read St. Gregory Thaumaturgos at all, even in a translation? When we arrive at the class of person who cannot read at least patristic Latin, probably we had better offer him meat dished up in a popular, frankly modern account, telling him in easy style the important things said by any particular Father. He must take his information at second hand in any case. If he wants to see for himself, he must learn enough Latin to read the original text. This seems obviously true of Latin, perhaps of Greek too. It would seem, then, that for purely popular use some such compilations as the older series of "Fathers for English Readers" or the excellent French series "*La Pensée Chrétienne*" are likely

## Victoria's Reign

to be of more use, and have more chance of being read. However, if there are enough people just at this point, that they want to study whole works of Fathers, and yet are not able to read the original texts, nothing better could be done than these beautifully printed translations.

A. F.

**V**ICTORIA'S reign has rather the effect of the movement of the sun through the longest day of the year. In a fresh and dewy aurora she rose out of the dark night of monarchy turbid with the stupid vices of the last of the Brunswick "princes, the dregs of their dull race," and through a splendid morn and noon reached a glorious late afternoon, culminating in the magnificent Jubilees of 1887 and 1897, and then imperceptibly declined in a glowing sunset where some dark-red tints foretold stormy weather to come. In her reign the wealth and population of Great Britain expanded at full steam speed, and vast territories in Asia and Africa were added, while Australasia and Canada and S. Africa virtually came into being as States. It is very likely that some centuries hence historians will write down this reign as the period in which England was at its highest, with the years 1887-97 as the sublimest peak of prosperity. In her later years, also, the small old lady in the widow's dress was the mother, or grandmother, or aunt, or cousin of almost the whole royal caste of Europe, barring the Catholic families. Her position was immense; no mortal woman ever held anything like it.

Mr. Lytton Strachey has compressed into about 300 pages (Chatto and Windus), without a wasted word, a masterly study of *Queen Victoria's* personality and history with excellent sketches of her father and mother and uncles, and of the four generations of statesmen with whom she had to deal, from Lord Melbourne down to Lord Salisbury. He brings out well the curious fascination which men like Lord Melbourne, Napoleon III, Disraeli had for the most virtuous woman in the world, not an uncommon phenomenon. Don Juan knows

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womankind so much better than does an impeccable Peel or Gladstone that he can manage to please them even when they are quite good and simple—when it suits his purpose and ambition—and perhaps they have even a subtle attraction, of opposites, for him.

There was something deep within her which responded immediately and vehemently to natures that offered a romantic contrast with her own. Her adoration of Lord Melbourne was intimately interwoven with her half-unconscious appreciation of the exciting unlikeness between herself and the sophisticated, subtle, aristocratic old man. Very different was the quality of her unlikeness to Napoleon, but its quantity was at least as great. From behind the vast solidity of her respectability, her conventionality, her established happiness, she peered out with a strange, delicious pleasure at that unfamiliar, darkly-glittering foreign object, moving so meteorically before her, an ambiguous creature of wilfulness and destiny.

Louis Napoleon was but a forerunner of her veritable Enchanter—the Italianate Hebrew—Benjamin Disraeli. But then why was she so desperately enamoured of her German husband, whose pedestrian qualities, admirably analysed by Mr. Strachey, were exactly opposite to those of Melbourne, Napoleon and Disraeli? She had with him, indeed, the great bond and subject of incessant conversation given by the business of every day and by a large family of children and the faults and merits of a vast body of servants, ranging from the Prime Minister to the lowest footman, and the Prince was the most admirable and diligent of Private Secretaries to the Queen of England. Many marriages are spoiled because husband and wife have hardly an interest or work in common.

Disraeli's artful conversation and letters in 1874-80, deliciously confirmed the Queen in the feeling she had always had—powerfully also invigorated by the systematic teaching of the Prince Consort—that she ruled as well as reigned, and was, at the last, responsible for the welfare of the realm and the actions of her servants. Since she was eighteen the whole of the forms of English Government, based upon extinct realities like empty sea-shells, had

## Victoria's Reign

impressed her with this belief. Yet throughout her long reign the reality of power diverged more and more from its form. She never really changed the policy of her ministers. But, as Mr. Strachey well points out, the mystic or symbolic significance of the Crown increased while its real power in practical action declined. The Coronation of Edward VII and George V far outshone in splendour and world-wide significance all those of their predecessors. The reason of this double process is the advance of democracy at home coinciding with the extension of Empire beyond the seas.

The English King, or—as he should really be called—the British Emperor, is becoming High Pontiff for the Empire. His is the chief figure in the rites of the religion of Patriotism, a real religion. He tells us all not to speak or move for two minutes on November 11th, and we comply. If any of us were unwilling to obey we would be compelled by the force of public opinion. Watch the face of an old Colonel or Admiral as he raises his glass when the health of the king is proposed. It is as much a religious rite for him as if he were receiving communion, or, perhaps, more so.

Here is the importance of Victoria. Her goodness, sympathy with the joys and sorrows of her people, her dignity and royal self-consciousness, and, with all this, the great length of her reign and immense extension of the Empire during it, raised to the skies the spiritual and symbolic glory of the Crown. It is far the most ancient throne in Europe, and now that the Russian, German, and Austrian Imperial Houses are gone, it is the only throne of world-wide importance. The English plan of divorcing visible power from dignity has placed the Crown out of reach of collisions with the popular will and sentiment of the time being. All the same, a king who was also an able and cautious man of action might even now exercise a vast amount of power behind the scenes. It is no small thing to have the final right of signature to all kinds of important documents, appointments, etc.

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Mr. Strachey's leading "motive" is the simple unity throughout life of Victoria's character, like—in this respect—to the Duke of Wellington. She was always herself, in thought or word. Her word was one with herself. He says well of the Jubilee of 1897 :

As the splendid procession passed along, escorting Victoria through the thronged re-echoing streets of London on her progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatness of her realm and the adoration of her subjects blazed out together. The tears welled to her eyes, and, while the multitude roared around her, "How kind they are to me, how kind," she repeated over and over again. That night her message flew over the Empire, "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." The long journey was nearly done. But the traveller, who had come so far and through such strange experiences, moved on with the old unfaltering step. The girl, the wife, the aged woman, were the same : vitality, conscientiousness, pride and simplicity were hers to the latest hour.

B. H. H.

The reader feels that the writer approached to mock the royal cradle at Kensington, but that he stayed, if not to pray, at least to drop a wreath at the mighty Mausoleum of Frogmore. If a wreath of memories can be woven out of words it is woven in Mr. Strachey's twining of the visions of the dying Queen, of "the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanour, and Albert's face under the green lamp and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn."

The House of Hanover, so long an object of ridicule or aversion to its subjects, has begun through the magic power of literature to be associated with romance. Mr. Wilkins wrote *The Queen of Tears* and described the strange marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert to George IV. Buckle published the idyllic affections between Victoria and Disraeli. Mr. Strachey has restored sentiment for the Queen, whose memory suffered deep unpopularity during the war. In spite of the First Gentleman in

# Victoria's Reign

Europe, Victoria found her family one of the most disreputable in the world. She left it with one exception the model of propriety, and even the exception became the best Sovereign in Europe. Mr. Strachey does not tell how her cousin, son of the Duke of Sussex, applied to become a priest of the Roman and Apostolic Church.

The childhood of the Queen, her ambitious mother (whose majestic white feather is the chief recollection to one yet living), naughty Sir John Conroy, "*precious* Lehzen" (surely First of All German Governesses), even the familiar details of the Accession are freshly illuminated, but it is the picture of Lord Melbourne, drawn with such felicity, that especially remains in our minds; fascinating, charming and charmed, "living with perfect facility and with the grace of strength . . . a notable talker, a captivating companion. Nature had given him beauty and brains . . . 'You'd better try to do no good, and then you'll get into no scrapes' . . . 'The factory children? Oh, if only you'd have the goodness to leave them alone.'"

With such a Minister and with the mysterious King-maker, Baron Stockmar, never far away, the young Queen was guided during those unmarried years, revealing, however, an obstinacy that brought about several occasions of unpopularity.

Victoria had been brought up in violent contradiction and reaction to her disgraceful uncles and to the Eighteenth Century. She had seen less of male society than if she had lived in a convent. She had never been allowed to go down the stairs alone, and her first act as Queen had been to order her bed to be taken out of her mother's room. She had not been allowed to read fiction, except some of Miss Martineau's stories illustrating the sublime truths of political economy. The Bishops of London and Lincoln had examined her and come to a flattering opinion of her knowledge of the religion, which no less than some of the hallowed truths of political economy the Victorian Era was to undermine. The Queen herself, in contrast to the Empress Eugenie, was an anti-feminist,

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and she won the Bed Chamber fight with her Ministers, who wished to change her ladies with the Government, by the sarcastic query as to whether they mean to give the ladies seats in Parliament? This was an unthinkable gibe in those days.

The Queen's life must be divided into three great romances. The first one, brought out very well by Mr. Strachey, came with Lord Melbourne, "an autumn rose" from the past century, who having previously married Lady Caroline Lamb of Byronic repute, naturally found an unsophisticated and trusting Sovereign a vehicle of more tender and loyal sentiment. Then came Albert the Good, of whom Mr. Strachey's book is a rehabilitation if not a revelation. Among the insular and insolent English he appeared like a "foreign tenor," and seems to have assumed that extra stiffness often noticeable among members of the Stage marrying into Society. He gave up his spiritual home in Coburg in order that he might civilize the unphilosophical and unprincipled English. Leaving his heart in beloved Coburg he brought his infant ambition to Windsor.

Albert, of course, scorned his unpopularity, for he was more than a princely prig. He had acquired real knowledge and was determined that the long-suffering British people should do the same. His knowledge had even led him to contradict the Pope Gregory XVI. "When the Pope observed that the Greeks had taken their art from the Etruscans, Albert replied that, in his opinion, they had borrowed from the Egyptians. His Holiness politely acquiesced." The Queen became his devoted partisan. When the Tories refused him the proper allowance she refused to invite them to the wedding, with the same feeling she displayed to the Dublin Corporation when they refused to honour in death a Prince they had never seen in life. Albert was not infatuated. He came to rule, and his sickness on arrival was of the sea, not of love. Ministers soon found out that he had mastered the Queen. Behind him stood the inscrutable Stockmar, "inevitably present at a momentous hour." It was he who imbued Albert



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with his industry and rectitude, so much so that the Prince wrote fifty folios of memoranda on the Eastern Question alone, which perhaps afforded some reason for having to use "a paperweight of Balmoral granite and deer's teeth." Albert was splendid. He reformed the Royal Household. He achieved the Great Exhibition, moderated the Crimean horror, germinated Aldershot Camp, from which proceeded in time the armies which defeated his dear Germany. He was a match for Palmerston as nobody else was, except Charles Adams of the U.S.A. Mr. Strachey comes to Henry Adams' *Education* for his account of Palmerston's laugh, so well has he combed his sources. When Melbourne left office, it was Peel in name but Albert in reality who became Prime Minister. Faithfully, painfully, and relentlessly Albert ruled England. Mr. Strachey paints him melancholy. Anyhow, he has brought the Prince Albert to life again, half a century since he died in his prime, one of the many victims to English Royal physicians. What would he have made of England had he reduced her to a German model? The chances of a philosopher on the throne, of Absolutism in England, or of a Prince Woodrow perished. "The Queen shrieked one long wild shriek that rang through the terror-stricken Castle."

Of exceptional interest is the gradual transfer of much of the Queen's power and all of her affection to her husband in accordance with natural laws that know no royalty, and we read a true fairy tale of "a shy young foreigner" who "discovered that the part cut out for him was to be a negligible one," and yet who gradually secured a secret ascendancy that was to influence profoundly the relations of Throne and Country. How did this come about? What Machiavellian wisdom did that good Baron whisper into his ear? We suspect it was rather the temporary victory of a certain kind of intelligence and prevision over the empirical genius which is so English, so muddled, and, shall we not admit it, since 1914, so often right? That contest between the Prince and Lord Palmerston takes on a deeper significance as we

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once more reflect on the internal interactions between the Teuton, the Latin, and the English spirit. "He will always," said the Baron, "have more success with men than with women," and perhaps with his temperament he could never have loved very passionately, though there is no evidence for Mr. Strachey's remark that he was not in love with the Queen. The author permits himself some ingenious speculations as to the course of our future history had the Prince lived; our thoughts turn to the Latin affinities of Edward VII, and we wonder whether the Great War itself . . . but our licence is limited; it must suffice that to someone yet living was repeated Lady Palmerston's confidence, not, we think, known to our author and here made public for the first time, that on the night when the Prince lay dying she heard her husband sobbing, and he told her, "Though England does not know it, the Prince is dying; the Queen will go mad, and the nation will be ruined."

S. W. L.

**F**EW books flatter their readers so sincerely as does Mr. Maurice Baring's *Passing By* (Secker), just because it leaves nearly everything to their intelligence. I do not mean that it is obscure, for even when the characters make mistakes about one another you never get confused about them—and in the world in which they live there is plenty of room for mistakes, in fact for little else, and they make them all. Mr. Baring has chosen to convey his story by means of a diary and some letters, so he can add no comments; the diarist, Mr. Godfrey Mellor, makes very few indeed; and the letter-writer, Mr. Guy Cunninghame, rarely makes one that gets below the surface. Moreover, these two young men are played upon by events and ideas that are perfectly beyond their personal experience, or even imagination. You can, then, guess the quite fantastic skill required, if they and the thousand-and-one people they encounter and quote, are to make clear to us what happened and why. You are told to look through half a dozen distorting lenses and get a clear, coherent, true-to-life picture in perspective. And

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you do! With a little care, which an enjoyment amounting to exhilaration repays and over-pays, you most certainly do. Mr. Mellor is Lord Ayton's secretary, and you keep thinking he will be a prig, and then he isn't, though he can read only *Jane Eyre* and the *Times*, especially *Jane Eyre*. But he is clever, and has a true intellectual passion for music, and I think Mr. Baring thinks he is in love. He is a little ego-centric—he never writes "Am invited"; but, "I have been invited." The simplicity with which he just registered what strikes him, without comment on the thing, or analysis of his reaction, is delicious, whether it is the spectacle, in Florence, "of men in shorts and flannels running back to a hotel. They were Eton masters taking exercise," or the description by an Italian gardener of an exuberant plant: "*Fiorisce come il pensiero dell'uomo*"; or Mr. Vane, who said "there was going to be a real panther in his next production (a Shakespearean revival)"; or Mellor's Aunt Ruth, who said she heard Lord Ayton only went out in the Bohemian world. "I said he had stayed with the Foreign Secretary last week." Mr. Baring loves Mr. Mellor dearly; but the diary's every page is ironical to perfection. The irony is not quite Greek, but it is none the less ironical. Guy Cunninghame is still simpler. He is "just naturally agreeable"; more than that—perfectly charming. He leads a "worldly" life, so naïve as to be almost justifiable. Both of these young men keep being knocked up against by the Catholic Faith: Mellor "registered" it as interesting, odd, rather worrying (when his friends became Catholics), and probably quite different from what it is supposed to be. Cunninghame sees it as a social fact, especially since his cousin adopted it. He would describe a woman as too delightful, and always perfectly dressed, and a Catholic, and married to So-and-so, and perhaps—who knows?—in love with So-and-so. It is a thing among other things. (But even he loves *John Inglesant*.) Mellor is puzzled: he discusses; he argues a little; and as usual Mr. Baring gives us little true glimpses of Catholicism *through* these distorted lenses. A Father Stanway

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flits through this book; a convert, Mr. Riley, hovers rather longer. *They* say the profound things—quite *en passant*—that Mellor notices and does not understand. (I may say, Mellor's long talk with the sensible, kindly, clever Lady Jarvis, an agnostic, is the skilfullest thing in the book, the most audacious defence of the Faith on the lips of two unbelievers.) But this world of Mellor and Cunninghame (I wish I could even suggest the social horde in which they maintain themselves: two lines suffice Mr. Baring for a perfect portrait—and what a gallery!) gets its shock when, in the soul of Mrs. Housman, the Faith creates an explosion. Mr. Housman is clear enough: he is a vulgar, moneyed sentimentalist, for whom all but Mr. Baring would have had contempt or anger. As for her—well, many will find her, as her world did, “wropt in mystery.” To the end she remains somewhat wropt. Was she a fanatic? a cynic? a coward? a saint? selfish? heroic? Read and judge. Thank heaven, *she* kept no diary of her nervous or spiritual history. Mr. Baring eludes that snare like the rest. We would choose Dr. Aveling rather than Dr. Cullen to psycho-analyse her! Or, just any wise reader. If you do not follow her, from Campden Hill to Garland's Hotel, to Oakley, and to her final destination, always with sympathy, and all but always with homage, well, you will judge this book to be about a lot of rather odd people with too much money and too little to do. C. C. M.

**I**T is perhaps unfair to the author of *Holy Romans* (Maunsel), a novel about the Irish movement, that the live men and women of Sinn Fein have, for those outside the movement, the mystery of idealists known only by their glaring desperate deeds. Apart from opinions, theirs is, at any rate, the greatest of human adventures, and adventurers such as the late Lord Mayor of Cork and Kevin Barry fill the imagination even of their foes. A novel, then, that pretends to familiarize us with the figures of the “rebellion” by describing the lives of imaginary Sinn Feiners will need to be sure that it does not take away from the romance of the subject rather

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than add to it. What if tedium should for the first time be associated in our minds with Sinn Fein—which has certainly meant anything but that ?

Aodh de Blácam, the author of the book, though he has some qualities which make him peculiarly fitted for this work, has not altogether avoided the danger of dulling what was sharp. Our impression of the figures of Sinn Fein may be slight and ignorant, but it is so keen that we would not exchange it for what Mr. de Blácam has to offer. Not one of the figures in his book—or only one—can be compared for interest with the figures in our mind. He is not naturally a novelist. His bravest attempt at character is caricature—but generally, as with his hero, character is left out of it. He has an exaggerated faith in the humours of a Cockney dialect ; and there are other signs of a novice's ideas on the art of novel-making. But though he may not be able to make his people real enough to lighten his pages, he has one rare equipment for the writing of such a book—and that is a truthful, impartial perception of views and events. He writes largely of the time when Sinn Fein was still the Gaelic League, and when the revolutionary tendencies of Irish exiles in England took the form of picnics in Gaelic in Epping Forest. Mr. de Blácam can at any rate record opinions if he cannot build them into flesh and blood. He can give the life and character of a movement if not of a man. Interwoven with Sinn Fein are religion and socialism, in regard to which, also, he can always give the forcible dialogue. This author has never closed his ears to what he did not care to hear. There are touches in the account of the Gaelic movement that would run counter to his prejudices if he permitted himself to have any, and which give a rare impression of straightforward accurate history. The most successful figure in the book is the outcome of this uncommon impartiality—Vincent Murnane, the Catholic, the Fenian, the failure, whose life is a gradual process of coarsening and disintegration. Not only for history, but for fiction, too, is this an invaluable quality. Mr. de Blácam has seen farther round things

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than most people. The wide-minded knowledge that exalts his work is described in the experience of his hero, Shane Lambert :

As he walked back through the thronged graves, thinking how these dead awaited resurrection together, the bond which held in life lasting in death, Shane grew eager to be of that company, to be sealed with that same citizenship. He saw the Church as the mother city of good and frail alike. In the minds and lives of his friends he had seen, as it were, broken fragments reflected— aspects or features. In Fergus the scientist he had seen that the Church could be modern. Old Peter the mystic had shown him that a Catholic could be a visionary and a dreamer. Faragal Faal had taught him that a man could be a devoted Catholic and no slave. Ballyhooly Pat, the faith-respecting *roué*, had shown him that even in vice the Catholic carried with him a knowledge of values that might bring him back, some day, to goodness. The Church that meant something to each of these stood up now before him not in fragments, but a city on a hill.

In thinking over Mr. de Blácam's novel, a bright, desirable flock of his creation comes running from those pages to the mind. Is that flock composed of men and women? Hardly!—their feeble flesh falls away from them, and there remains their ideas. V. M.

MISS DEANESLY writes *inter alia* in a reply to Dr. Pope's review of her *Lollard Bible* (DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1921):

"I wish to protest against the Rev. Dr. Pope's statement that I maintain that the Wycliffite Bibles actually were heretical. Throughout my book, I maintain that the two Wycliffite texts were the work of heretics, but faithful translations. The first was attributed, by one of the five original scribes, to Nicholas Hereford, the Lollard; the second is accompanied in some of the manuscripts by the violently heretical *General Prologue*: but the texts were fair and accurate. The heresy of the *General Prologue*, or of one digression in Purvey's lengthy glosses on the gospels, a separate work, does not affect the point that the texts are fair and accurate.

"He says, 'Again, though here we quote from notes

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only, Forshall and Madden devote pp. 39-64 to a careful enumeration of 170 MSS. of translations of the English Bible in whole or part anterior to Wycliffe. Now Miss Deanesly on no evidence at all attributes all these to the days of Wycliffe (pp. 304-340). We say on no evidence at all, for her evidence simply amounts to this: that they must be Wycliffite Bibles because there were no others!

"These 170 manuscripts are on the collation of Forshall and Madden, not merely manuscripts of Middle-English Bibles, but of two particular Middle-English texts—the Wycliffite texts; and Middle-English scholars can, and do, distinguish Middle-English translations as readily as Dr. Pope would himself distinguish Latin Biblical texts.

"The Wycliffite manuscripts can be distinguished on textual grounds. Thus the 170 manuscripts vaguely stated by Dr. Pope to be 'in whole or part anterior to Wycliffe' cannot be so anterior, because they are manuscripts of English Biblical texts made by two of Wycliffe's followers.

"... Dr. Pope traverses not merely my statements in the *Lollard Bible*, but the published views of all Middle-English experts in this country and America. For compare with this absence of pre-Wycliffite English Biblical manuscripts the extant manuscripts of Middle-English books far less intrinsically valuable, and *a priori* less likely to survive, especially in numbers. Middle-English scholars say, with complete unanimity, that there are no extant manuscripts of such Bibles because none ever existed.

"Dr. Pope writes: 'A London man had an English Bible of "northern speech and it seemed two hundred years old."' Now on what possible grounds can Miss Deanesly add: "a reference, no doubt, to some late Saxon manuscript of the gospels"?' "

"Purvey does not say that he had seen the book himself; and he only ventures on the description that 'it seemed' two hundred years old. I believe that Purvey was too careful a scholar to have described a manuscript of the gospels as a 'Bible,' had he been actually handling it at the time: but I believe that the 'man of London' might well have thus loosely described either Anglo-



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Saxon gospels, or Anglo-Saxon paraphrases of the Old Testament, as a 'Bible'; and that this is probable, because all the other evidence shows that there was no complete English Bible in existence in 1200. The unsupported statement of the 'man of London,' recounted at second hand by Purvey, is not sufficient, in itself, to establish the existence of a complete English Bible in 1200.

"As to Dr. Pope's reference to Foxe's statement about English translations of the Bible between King Alfred's reign and Richard II's: Foxe is no more to be credited with infallibility on Biblical translations than is Sir Thomas More. Foxe's statements about such translations in the prologue to his edition of the Anglo-Saxon gospels are largely drawn from the above-mentioned treatise by Purvey, an incomplete copy of which he possessed, and quoted.

"Dr. Pope writes: 'About 1536 Leland noted, *In Bibliotheca Praedicatorum, Londinis, Trivet super Psalterium*, and added, *Inter celebres Veteris Testamenti translationes*. Was this, too, a Wycliffite Bible which Leland was not in a position to distinguish from an orthodox one?' No, it was not. It was that well-known Latin commentary of Trivet on the Psalms (mentioned by John XXII in a letter of 1324). Leland added the words as the *Incipit*, not the description.

"Dr. Pope also writes: 'But the existence of such a translation as Leland refers to throws light on what must otherwise remain a mystery, viz., the existence of an English *Concordance* previous to the Reformation. . . . The English *Concordances* we refer to are much later and on the English Bible, though previous to the Reformation.'

"Dr. Pope's statement is again incorrect. The writer whom he quotes mentions only *one* early *Concordance*, which authorities ascribe to the heretic Gybson. This was printed ten years after Tyndale's heretical New Testament.

"When Dr. Pope realizes that Sion Abbey, the Charterhouse at Sheen, Henry VI, Edward IV, Henry VII and many orthodox persons possessed Wycliffite texts (as is

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shown by contemporary notes of ownership in manuscripts still extant), he may find it less difficult to believe that it was such that Sir Thomas More had seen, and that he believed to be pre-Wycliffite. If Dr. Pope himself could make so definite and serious a mis-statement as to the nature of the 170 manuscripts listed by Forshall and Madden: if Dr. Pope was led to assert that they were 'anterior to Wycliffe,' apparently on the sole grounds that they were faithful and orthodox translations: why need anyone blame me for attributing substantially the same mis-statement, under infinitely more explicable circumstances, to Sir Thomas More?"

Dr. Pope adds a comment: "Miss Deanesly defends herself with refreshing vigour. She resents the suggestion that she at times concedes that the Wycliffite Bibles were heretical. But how else is one to understand her note, *Lollard Bible*, p. 7, 'Cardinal Gasquet's assertion that "in the edition of Wycliffite Scriptures published by Forshall and Madden we shall look in vain for any trace of these errors," has been shown to be unfounded by the reviewer in the *Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1901, pp. 265-298, and a very slight examination of the General Prologue to the Old Testament confirms this.' We have not access to the *Church Quarterly*, but we should certainly be justified in concluding that he had shown traces of errors not merely in the Prologue but in the text as well. That there were errors in the notes is clear from Purvey's heretical Glosses on Lk. xvii, *L.B.* p. 279.

"My references to Forshall and Madden were, as I stated, from notes only, and were second-hand, so that I do not pin my faith to them.

"It is remarkable that Miss Deanesly does not tackle the question of Trevisa's translation nor does she defend her treatment of Sir Thomas More's evidence. She is content to go by 'expert' evidence of modern investigators rather than by positive historical statements. If More says there were pre-Wycliffite Bibles, if Trevisa is said to have translated the Bible, if Foxe says that 'both

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before the Conquest and after, as well before John Wickcliffe was borne as since, the whole body of Scriptures (was) by sondry men translated into thys our countrey tongue,' then they are all wrong because 'expert' palæographers say it is impossible and because no trace of what such palæographers can accept as early translations can be found! Is this scientific history? Surely the true historian must take into account all the factors in the case, and positive declarations cannot be rejected simply because they do not fit in with theories. We repeat as insistent as we can that the thrice-repeated declarations of More are of more value than any 'expert' evidence. After all More was Chancellor, he was a lawyer, he must have been in the habit of reading manuscripts and deeds of all ages, he was acknowledged as one of the most finished scholars in Europe, he was the friend of Erasmus who spent his life amid manuscripts. Yet his solemn declarations about the age of a translation are thrown aside as so much rubbish.

"Then Miss Deanesly is obsessed with the idea that the Church was opposed to translations of the Bible because she was afraid lest people should find that the Church's teaching was not good enough for them. This radically false notion of the Church's attitude inevitably colours her outlook on the whole question. The Church was afraid of translations; not, however, lest she should be 'found out,' but because, as Miss Deanesly herself expresses it in one place (*L.B.* p. 372) such translations 'were found inevitably to lead to their exposition by lay people, and eventually to heresy.' This was the Church's sole preoccupation and has marked her attitude towards translations from St. Jerome's day down to the present. Every photographer knows that the truthfulness of his picture will depend upon the precise adjustment established between his camera and the object; if the camera is askew the result is disproportion. In this case the camera is the Church. If we want a true and just perspective of the Middle Ages we must see them through the Church, and to do this we must see the Church as She sees Herself.

## Hippolytus' *Philosophumena*

"I quite agree with Miss Deanesly's explanation of Leland's words about Trivet. Here again it is second-hand evidence that is misleading. I am not quite so convinced of what she says about the Concordance of 1535, though I think it probable that she is correct."

THE S.P.C.K. is again to be commended for the boldness with which it has undertaken the publishing of works of erudition promising no material reward, instead of confining its activities as of old to the puerile task of catering for the Sunday School child. In Mr. Legge, Hippolytus' *Philosophumena* has found a zealous student, well equipped in some respects for his work as translator of *The Refutation of All Heresies*. Mr. Legge has already made his name as an authority on the literature of the early centuries by his book, *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity*, and his comments on the text of the *Refutation* display ample knowledge of the by-ways of Oriental and Egyptian speculation. Mr. Legge astutely arrests the attention of his readers on the first page of his "Introduction"—a compact and useful piece of work—by telling them that "the story of the discovery of the book here translated so resembles a romance as to appear like a flower in the dry and dusty field of patristic lore." Baldly stated, in unflattering phrases, the story is this: Of the original ten books of the *Philosophumena*, Books II and III are still missing. Book I was published as Origen's, by Fabricius, in 1701. Books IV-X were discovered at Mount Athos in 1840 by Mynoides Mynas, acting for the Education Minister of Louis Philippe, and were first published at the Oxford Press in 1851 by B. E. Miller, under the title *Origen's Philosophumena*. That the real author of the work was not Origen, but probably Hippolytus, was first maintained by Jacobi and von Bunsen in 1852; and although it has been ascribed to Tertullian and others, the Hippolytan authorship is now generally accepted. In any case the work is one of much interest and value, as Mr. Legge well points out, not only because of the new light it throws on the teaching

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and methods of the Gnostics and Mystics (e.g., the hymns to Altis and on Jesus in Book V), but also for the information it supplies regarding the internal state of the Church in the early decades of the Third Century. Had it not been for the *Refutation* we should hardly have known that Hippolytus was—as Döllinger and Duchesne opine—"an anti-pope or schismatic bishop who set himself up against Callistus." Certainly his denunciation of Callistus blazes with prelatical zeal; he describes him as a man "artful in evil and versatile in falsehood," "a sorcerer and a trickster," a "senseless and shiftily fellow" who "scattered blasphemies high and low"—strong language to venture against the successor of Zephyrinus! The personal antagonism here evinced is, perhaps, best explained if we suppose, with Mr. Legge, that the writer was "head of the Greek-speaking community of Christians at Rome, while Callistus presided over the more numerous Latins." We may notice also that Mr. Legge follows de Faye in rejecting the theory of Salmon and Stähelin, that the heretical documents which Hippolytus professes to quote were forgeries foisted on the credulous bishop by some artful knave; but he freely confesses that the bishop is not an impeccable historian, and that many of his statements require "strict examination" before we can safely accept them. The mere fact that he so frequently contradicts himself is sufficient to convict him of "gross carelessness" to say the least. Of the tenets of the great heresiarchs—Basilides, Valentinus, and the rest—Mr. Legge gives brief and convenient summaries in his footnotes; and the ordinary textbooks of Church History provide the student with sufficient information regarding what Mosheim called the "intricate and tedious fables that the extravagant brains" of the Gnostics "imposed upon the world for a system of religious philosophy." But there is much in Book IV that is both novel and amusing concerning the methods of diviners and magicians, and the arts by which they played upon the gullibility of the devout. There we are let into the secrets of how to make thunder, and portentous scarlet eggs, and

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how to handle boiling pitch or walk on red-hot plates unscathed. And we are told much, too, of Chaldean astrology, of divination by the number-value of names, of metoposcopy, and other curious arts. It were tempting to quote some of these curiosities; but we must content ourselves with begging our readers, if they come across these volumes, on no account to miss the delicious little story (in Book VI) about "Apsethus the Libyan who yearned to become a god," and who secured deification by the aid of parrots—and what came thereof. Unfortunately it is impossible to refrain from a grumble at the way in which the Greek language is too often crucified in the notes. Such things as breathings and accents are evidently of small account to Mr. Legge or his printer, and the number of actual misspellings is considerable. There is a weird rendering of Xenophanes on p. 44, Vol. I, and the translation of the passage from Plato, *Ep.* 2 (ii, 36), has no notes to show the points at which it deserts the Platonic text. Mr. Legge's method of citing Plato is inconvenient and peculiar (e.g., *Phaedo*, c. 166), and there are several passages where his Greek seems shaky. These monstrosities are no part of the "Christian knowledge" which our venerable Society was formed to "promote," but rather heresies to be banned and diabolisms to be exercised by every resource of hierarchic authority and hierarchic art.

R. G. B.

THE sub-title of *The Mother of Christ*, by O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne)—"The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology and Devotion"—covers the ground of a thoughtful and devout treatment of a grand Christian theme. The author writes as a teacher and guide of souls, but at the same time is always a scholar familiar with the deep wells of Catholic tradition. He writes also as a divine, mindful of the problems and niceties of theology, and as a linguist who uses his varied attainments to sound the meaning of passages that have been stumbling-blocks to many. He nowhere loses sight of his chief

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aim of veneration and affection for the Immaculate Mother of God. The well-chosen verses with which he adorns and ennobles his treatment, make his book more of a spiritual poem than a formal treatise. And as a convert to the faith, he knows and has ever in his mind the needs, the questions and the suspicions of the outsider. Speaking of a recent discussion he says: "If the Gospel narratives concerning Christ's Birth from a Virgin Mother, His bodily Resurrection, and His glorious Ascension are not literally true as they are stated by the Sacred Writers, then . . . Christ is not the God whom Christians have adored in every age. The Christian Citadel will have been betrayed. The Christian Faith will have perished off the earth."

The old and familiar doctrines which cluster round Our Lady are made new by his learning, his manner and his observation of current events. The brief story of Mary's life, her prerogatives, her joys and sorrows, her types, her pictures and pilgrimages, what she has done for the estate of woman, all receive at his hands a fresh and living presentation, which is satisfying in outlook and in detail, yet nowhere diffuse and never wearisome. "All that is best and noblest—nay, all that is decent—in Christian Europe, men owe under God to the place that by common consent is allotted to woman and her gracious presence, loved and honoured, in our midst. . . . It is one of the chief glories of the religion of Our Lord Jesus Christ that it has known how to raise woman to the position of honour and dignity and supreme worth that she holds unchallenged in the hearts of Christian men. Now the place of women in Christianity, the veneration of women by Christians, the fact that women stand for all that is pure and beautiful in the thoughts of Christians, is combined historically with devotion to our Lady." And having said this much it is needless for us to add that the book is one for priest and people, for Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The volume, bound and well got up, consists of 524 pages and in these days is a marvel of cheapness.

H. P.